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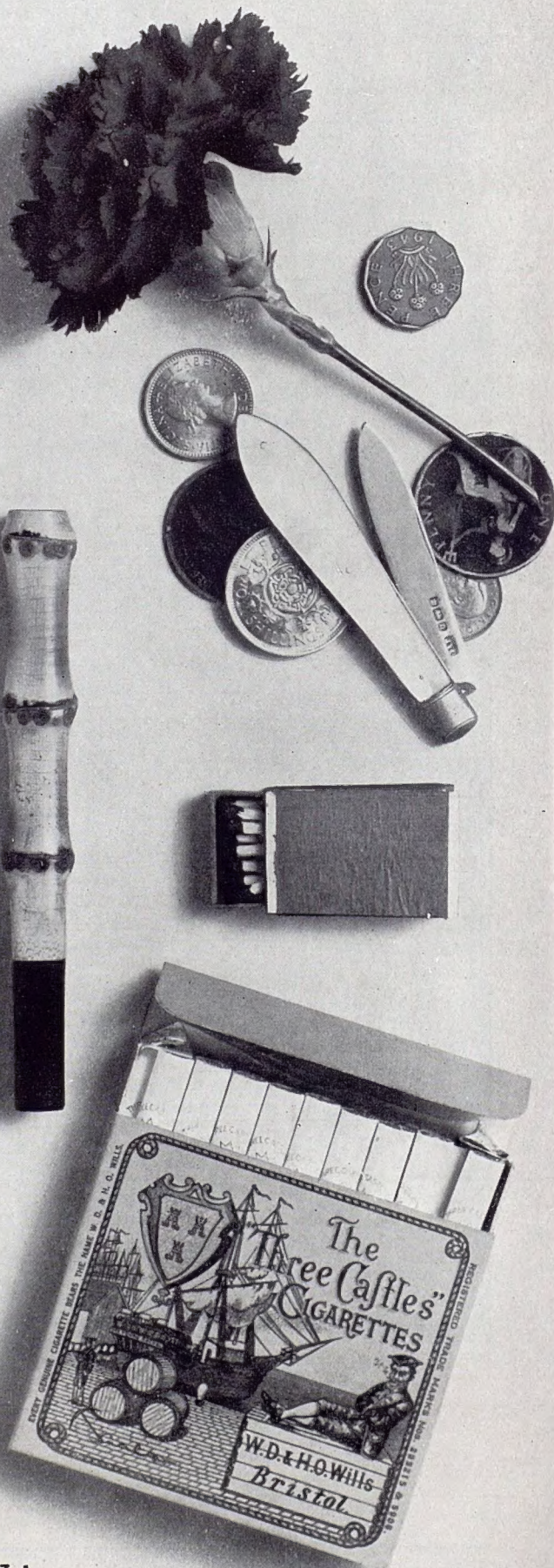
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Barry Swaabe

LADY FAIRFAX OF CAMERON, whose photograph appears on our cover this week, is the wife of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, and the daughter of the late Capt. Cecil Gunston, M.C. She is seen at her lovely home, Gay's House, Holyport, near Maidenhead. Lord Fairfax is the thirteenth baron, the title dating back to 1627 in the Scottish peerage. He is a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen and comes from the Cromwellian family whose ancestors defeated the Stuart army at Marston Moor and at Naseby. Lord and Lady Fairfax have a daughter, the Hon. Serena Fairfax, born in 1952

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 28 to October 5

Sept. 28 (Wed.) Racing at Ludlow (two days) and Pontefract (two days). Newmarket October Meeting (three days).

Lady Monson's dance for her daughter, the Hon. Sandra Monson and her son the Hon. Jeremy Monson, Dorchester Hotel.

Admission of Sheriffs Elect, Guildhall.

Chelsea Autumn Antiques Fair (Chelsea Town Hall), to Oct. 8.

Canine Society Show, Folkestone.

Golf: Home International Match, Royal Birkdale, Southport (to 30th).

First night: *The Punch Revue* (Duke of York's).

Scottish Kennel Club Championship Show at Edinburgh (two days).

Racing at Newbury (two days).

Oct. 1 (Sat.) Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon's dance for her daughter, Jennifer, at Swinbrook House, Burford, Oxfordshire.

Pheasant shooting begins.

Racing at Uttoxeter, Catterick Bridge, Edinburgh.

Oct. 2 (Sun.) British Horse Society Combined Training Events (dressage, show jumping and cross country). Wellesbourne, Warwickshire.

Oct. 3 (Mon.) Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary Literature (five days).

Racing at Fontwell Park and Nottingham (two days).

Oct. 4 (Tues.) Horse of the Year Show at Harringay (five days).

Oct. 5 (Wed.) Racing at Wincanton (one day), York and Lingfield Park (two days).

Michaelmas Term begins at Cambridge.

Sept. 29 (Thurs.) The Princess Royal arrives in Quebec on a twenty-seven-day state visit to Canada.

"Women of the Year" luncheon at the Savoy Hotel. The speakers are Mme. V. L. Pandit, High Commissioner for India, Miss Patricia Hornsby-Smith, M.P., and Miss Hermione Gingold.

Exhibition of the works of Gauguin (from the Edinburgh Festival), Tate Gallery.

Sept. 30 (Fri.) Lady Lycett Green's dance for her daughter, Miss Livia Lycett Green, at Ken Hill, Snettisham, King's Lynn.

Horse Trials at Floors Castle, Kelso, Roxburghshire.

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Armstrong Jones

September bride in a Yorkshire garden

MISS MALISE ARMITAGE, who this month became the lovely bride of Mr. David Ropner, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Armitage, of Oaklands Manor, Thorner, Yorks. Her husband, whom she married at St. Peters, Thorner, is the elder son of Sir Guy and Lady Ropner, of Hillside, Patrick Brompton, near Bedale, Yorks. The wedding reception was held at her parent's home

THE HON. MRS.
IRONSIDE AND FIONA

THE wife of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside's son and heir is seen with her daughter Fiona, who was a year old this month, at their home in Essex, Brick Bridge House, Doddinghurst. Mrs. Ironside was formerly Miss Audrey Morgan-Grenville, youngest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Morgan-Grenville. She married the Hon. Edmund Ironside in 1950



Barry Swaab

Social Journal

Jennifer

THREE PRINCES COME SOUTH

THE summer in Scotland, with weeks of continuous sunshine throughout August and part of September, has been thoroughly enjoyed by members of the Royal Family. Now their holidays are drawing to a close, and the three young Princes—Prince William and Prince Richard of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent—have already come south, Prince William to return to Eton and his younger brother and their cousin to their preparatory schools.

No one has enjoyed his holidays more than Prince Michael, who soon after his school broke up at the end of July joined Prince Philip on board the Royal Yacht Britannia at Cowes.

He remained on board with the Royal Family on their trip north via the coast of Wales, and stayed at Balmoral until it was nearly time to return to school. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra joined the Royal party at Balmoral for the last week of Prince Michael's holiday. They had been visiting the Duchess's mother in Greece.

Prince William and Prince Richard spent part of the holidays with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at their Scottish home Farr House, in Inverness-shire. Before they came south they went with their parents to stay for a short while with Capt. and Mrs. Bertram Currie at Dunbeath Castle.

It has given immense pleasure, I hear, to people in the Highlands this year to see

more of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, not only on their way to and from church each Sunday, but at one or two local functions. The first of these was when, with all the Royal Family staying on Deeside, they helped at the Crathie Church sale; and the second when, wearing their kilts very proudly, they accompanied their parents for the first time to the famous Braemar Gathering.

Nor far from Balmoral, the Queen Mother, who has been at Birkhall with Princess Margaret, has once again had a succession of guests to stay and her own shooting parties over the moor she rents. The Queen Mother will probably stay on, as she usually does, later than others of the Royal Family. But Princess

Margaret, as I write, plans to come south with the Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Charles and Princess Anne during the first ten days of October. Soon after he comes south Prince Philip will be going to Denmark in the Royal yacht Britannia for the British Exhibition, which he is to visit on October 12. Later in the month, from October 25-27, the Queen and the Prince will be hosts to the President of Portugal, General Francisco Craveiro Lopes, for his state visit.

★ ★ ★

THE Hon. Marie-Louise Hennessy made a lovely bride when she married Mr. Philip de Zulueta, in the beautiful Roman Catholic church of St. James's, Spanish Place. Father A. de Zulueta, cousin of the bridegroom, officiated with Father B. Gurrin and the Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Father P. Casey. The music before and during the service was outstandingly beautiful and had been most carefully chosen. The bride and bridegroom were fortunate in having the kind and knowledgeable help of Sir Malcolm Sargent to advise on it, Marie-Louise having been one of his two secretaries for over a year, when she left to get married.

Before the wedding, the organist played Handel's Organ Concerto in D, then Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," followed by Handel's Water Music. At the entry of the bride came the finale of the Water Music, followed by "Veni Creator." During the signing of the register there was Bach's Toccata in E Major (first movement) and Brahms's "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings." During the Nuptial Mass, the music was Mozart's Seventh Mass, and "Jubilate Deo" with César Franck's "Panis Angelicus." It was indeed a memorable service.

LORD WINDLESHAM, her good-looking father, gave away the bride, who wore a dress of white Chantilly lace with a tight-fitting bodice and full skirt falling into a long train. Her long tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara, and she carried a small shower bouquet of lilies, stephanotis and white roses. There was one page, the bride's nephew, Comte Marc de Lesseps, who wore a white satin shirt and lace jabot with long smoke-blue satin trousers, while the one child bridesmaid, Carolyn Gerard-Leigh, wore a long dress of smoke-blue organdie. The six older bridesmaids were also in smoke-blue organdie, their very full-skirted ballet length dresses being most becoming, and like the little bridesmaid they wore coronets of white carnations and hydrangea petals. They were the bride's two sisters the Hon. Rosalie and the Hon. Annabelle Hennessy, their cousin Miss Sheila Fordyce, the bridegroom's cousin Miss Jennifer Backhouse, the Hon. Ardyne Knollys and Miss Judith Dugdale.

A RECEPTION was held in the House of Commons. The bride's parents, Lord and Lady Windlesham, the latter wearing a large emerald green velvet hat with a black dress, received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Professor and Mrs. Francis de Zulueta, in the Lower Waiting Hall of the Commons, a fine setting for a wedding reception. Guests then went on into the Members' and Strangers' Dining Rooms overlooking the Thames, where they enjoyed a delicious buffet luncheon.

After the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake, the bride's uncle and godfather, the Hon. Frederick Hennessy, made an original and very amusing speech proposing the health of the young couple. The bridegroom opened his reply by saying that he was more accustomed to writing speeches than making them! He has been in

the Foreign Office for some years and is now one of the Prime Minister's private secretaries.

Among relatives and friends at the reception were the bride's cousin, Mr. Maurice Hennessy, whom I met talking to Sir Malcolm Sargent. Mr. Hennessy had come over from Paris as had several other relatives including her aunt the Comtesse Robert de Lesseps, very chic in a midnight blue dress and little black cap, with the Comte Robert de Lesseps and their two sons, the elder of whom was a page. The bride's brother, the Hon. David Hennessy, was there, also her aunts, Lady Mabane with Sir William Mabane, Miss Sylvia Duggan, the Hon. Mrs. Fordyce, the Hon. Mrs. Bull and the Hon. Mrs. Barnett.

I MET the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Hennessy, wearing a black osprey hat with her fawn silk suit, accompanied by her son-in-law and elder daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd, and her schoolboy son Peter; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd were also there with their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. John Lindesay-Bethune. The Marquis of Santa Cruz, over for a short visit from Spain, was accompanied by his very chic wife. I also met Countess Mountbatten, looking charming in a patterned dress and fox furs, the Hon. Neville Berry who had come on from another wedding, Mrs. Maria-Luisa Arnold, Mr. Robin Howard, Mrs. Gerald Legge, very pretty in blue velvet, Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld with his young son and daughter, Henry and Alexandra, and Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Russell, who had been spending a holiday sailing and playing golf at Aldeburgh, which they had greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. de May was accompanied by her tall son Ferdinand, and Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollet looked very pretty in a yellow coat, Lady Dashwood was talking to a group of friends, and her eldest son, Mr. John Dashwood, I saw escorting Lady Anne Coke to get some lunch.

OTHERS in this big gathering of guests who had come to wish the young couple happiness were Col. Walter Bromley-Davenport, the M.P. for Knutsford, Cheshire, Mr. and Mrs. Paul White-Thomson, Earl Bathurst, Mr. Peter French Davies and his cousin, Mrs. Llewellyn and her daughter Virginia, Mrs. Lister Hartley, whose very charming daughter Dinah has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Hanbury-Williams, and Mrs. Peter de Zulueta.

The young couple went off looking radiantly happy, with all the good wishes of their friends, to spend their honeymoon in the sunshine of Italy after a short stay in Paris.

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MUSIC lovers are going to have a great experience early next month when the International Celebrity Concerts season opens at the Royal Festival Hall with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra under Dimitri Mitropoulos, Myra Hess being the soloist, on October 4. This will be the first concert given by the orchestra in London since 1930, when it last visited this city under Toscanini. The second of these concerts will be the following night, October 5, when Nathan Milstein is the soloist with this great orchestra.

Other concerts of great importance during this season will be on November 29 and December 1, when Yehudi Menuhin appears with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, and Sunday, January 29, when Moiseiwitsch appears with the same orchestra conducted by William Steinberg. The Orchestral Concerts Society has also



AVIATION ARTISTS recently showed their work at Guildhall. The Secretary of State for Air, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., is here with Professor A. E. Richardson, P.R.A., who opened the exhibition



Miss Jane Baldock and Mr. C. Perrin were looking at a picture of an Avro (Canada) All Weather Interceptor, painted by David F. R. Bosanquet



Miss V. Wolfe-Barry studying a painting by Roy Nockolds of the new Folland Gnat light fighter

[Continued on page 600]



LORD WINDLESHAM'S DAUGHTER MARRIED

A BRILLIANT wedding which took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, was that of the Hon. Marie-Louise Hennessy, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Windlesham, to Mr. Philip de Zulueta, son of Professor and Mrs. Francis de Zulueta, and a Private Secretary to the Prime Minister. Right: Two of the bridal attendants, Carolyn Gerard-Leigh and Comte Marc de Lesseps. Left: Bride and Bridegroom leave the church after the wedding



Continuing The Social Journal

Autumn celebrations in Scotland

organized a season of Sunday Symphony Concerts at the Albert Hall. They begin on November 6, when the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra will be conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent with Moiseiwitsch as soloist. Sir Malcolm again conducts this famous orchestra here on Sunday, November 27, and on March 25, 1956, with Myra Hess and Clifford Curzon as soloists, respectively. For Tchaikovsky lovers the Tchaikovsky concert at the Albert Hall on Sunday, January 15, should be a great joy. George Weldon will that night be conducting the London Symphony Orchestra with Cyril Smith as soloist.

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MANY people I know would rather go to the Portree Balls in Skye, which are small and very neighbourly, than any of the other similar Scottish events. This year they took place on consecutive nights, and were, I hear from friends, as gay as ever. The hall was, as always, decorated with heather and branches of rowan, guests arrived on time so as not to miss any of the reels or Scottish country dances, and were still dancing into the early hours of the morning. They were splendidly organized by Mr. Iain Hilleary who was there with his wife, son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Ruairaidh Hilleary—she was before her marriage Miss Sheena Mackintosh. Viscountess Gough, now quite recovered from her bad motoring accident, brought a party which included Viscount Colville and Mr. Islay Campbell. Lord and Lady Polwarth came with Mr. and Mrs. James Stormonth-Darling, and Pamela Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and her daughter Fiona brought a party. A big party was the one which Sir Torquil and Lady Munro brought, which

included their daughter Fiona, Miss Anne Barber, Miss Sally Whitelaw whose own coming-out ball at her home Knockando a few nights later was, I hear, the greatest fun, and Miss Susan Gundry. Also Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Munro, Mr. Donald Macpherson, Mr. Malcolm Gomme-Duncan, Mr. Norman Arthur and Mr. Alan Macintosh.

Others enjoying the Portree Balls included Mr. Iain and Lady Margaret Tennant, Miss Delia Pearson, Miss Lavinia Day, Mr. and Mrs. Paton and her twin sons Duncan and Jersey Macleod, Miss Bridget des Graz, Miss Janet Scott and Mr. Hugh Munro. Many of the young people went on to Morayshire for Sally Whitelaw's dance.

THE Marchioness of Huntly once again organized the Aboyne Ball with great efficiency, and it was as gay as ever. She looked most attractive in a dress of black poul, on which she wore her Gordon tartan sash, and with it her fine diamond tiara and necklace. With the Marquess of Huntly she brought a big party. Lord Glentanar brought a party from Glentanar House, including the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie, who watched the dancing with interest.

Others who were there, some of whom also brought parties, included Sir Francis Grant, one of the stewards, Major and Mrs. David Gordon, Sir Michael and Lady Adeane, Mrs. Harrison Broadley and Major and Mrs. Patrick Forbes of Corse.

Many people went on the following week to the Inverness Ball and the Oban Ball, and there were also several other private dances, the biggest of which was the one the Earl of Inchcape gave at Glenapp Castle in Ayrshire.

This ball was to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Hon. Simon Mackay and for Lady Rosemary Mackay, and was, I hear, a very enjoyable affair. Some of the prettiest of this year's débutantes were there, also a number who came out last year with Lady Rosemary.

Many friends in the neighbourhood had house parties and gave dinner parties for the ball. These included the young Countess of Dumfries, the Countess of Stair, the Countess of Eglinton, Lady Glenarthur, Lady Janet Bailey, Lady Hunter-Blair, the Hon. Mrs. Alan Mackay and the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple.

ON the previous night many of the guests had been at the dance which Lady (Thomas) Moore gave to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her son Mr. Robin Angus at Lady Kirk, which was another gay affair. By day many people went racing, as these dances were arranged to take place during the Western Meeting at Ayr. Here fields were, as everywhere else, rather small owing to the coughing epidemic, which happily by then was on the wane. This very gay week ended with the Eglinton Hunt dance, held in one of the houses on Ayr Racecourse. A few days later many young visitors to the north went on to Perth for the two Perth Balls and Perth Races, about which I will be writing next week.

★ ★ ★

A CHARMING country wedding was the marriage of Mr. Patrick Gibbs, only son of Mr. Geoffrey Gibbs and Mrs. Gamble, to Miss Joan Stephenson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson, at the Church of St. Mary, Henley-on-Thames, with the reception at the bride's parents' lovely home the Old Vicarage at Shiplake-on-Thames.

The bride looked radiant in a beautiful dress which Norman Hartnell had designed for her. It was made of white lace, re-embroidered in silver, appliquéd on to a tulle skirt and train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of sequin embroidered lace. There were two

pages, William Bates and Hugh Pearson Gregory, who wore the kilt and white blouses.

The two small bridesmaids, Susan Pragnell and Joanna McCowan, wore champagne coloured silk organza dresses with gold leaves in their hair, while the elder bridesmaids wore similar dresses. They were the bride's sister Miss Lesley Stephenson who will be a débutante next year, Miss Carol Shankland, Miss Elizabeth Patterson and Mrs. Frank Hooten, one of the 1954 débutantes, who before her marriage was Miss Carol Carr. She and her husband are now living in Paris.

The view from the Old Vicarage is charming, and the terraces leading down to the Thames are framed by six old cedar trees, which made a perfect setting for the reception. There were nearly 300 guests, including Lord and Lady Borwick, Sir Harry and Lady Hague, Sir Bernard and Lady Binder, Mr. James Armstrong the Agent General for Canada and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, Lady Salt, her son Sir David Salt and his fiancée who are to be married next year, and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower with her husband Brig. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

★ ★ ★

THE first big diplomatic party of this autumn season took place recently at Canning House. This is the fine headquarters of Latin America in Belgrave Square. Invitations were sent out by the Heads of Missions of the Central American Republics of Nicaragua, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras and Guatemala, to celebrate the 134th anniversary of their independence.

Señora de Gallegos, the attractive Minister for Costa Rica, received the guests, who numbered over three hundred, with the Minister for El Salvador and his wife, Mme. Castellanos, the Guatemalan Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Palomo, and the Chargé d'Affaires for Honduras and Mme. Suazo. The Minister for Nicaragua and his wife could not be present as they had gone back to their own country for their daughter's wedding.

Vases of beautiful flowers were arranged in

the fine reception rooms with their pale grey walls, and there was soft music during the party. Many members of the Corps Diplomatique in London were present, including the charming and very popular Portuguese Ambassador, whose President is to pay a state visit to London next month. Everyone was delighted to see the Brazilian Ambassador at his first London party since his serious illness last summer. He has been spending his final convalescence at Eastbourne and in Scotland. I saw him talking to the Marquess of Reading.

The Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf were there, also the Argentine Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador, M. Stikker, the Afghanistan Ambassador, and the Colombian and Ecuadorian Ambassadors and their wives.

There were many pretty girls at this party including Miss Paz, daughter of the President of Bolivia, Miss Sylvia Derisi, niece of the Argentine Ambassador, and Col. Campbell of the U.S. Embassy, who has his home in Texas, and brought his very attractive daughter.

Pictures of the party will be found on page 608.

★ ★ ★

LADY VICTORIA SCOTT is very busy organizing a dress show by Givenchy and a dinner-dance which will take place at the Dorchester Hotel on November 14 to raise funds for Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled. This training college, of which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is Patron, and in which she takes a very active interest, does wonderful work for permanently disabled men and women. Thanks to the college training, they can go out and earn good wages, and play a full part in community life. Money is urgently needed to maintain and extend this valuable work, so if you can do take tickets for the dinner-dance, or send a donation to Lady Victoria.

Mr. Norman Hartnell has kindly agreed to introduce M. Hubert de Givenchy, now one of the most fashionable Paris designers, whose clothes have never before been shown in this country. He has very generously promised to

pay all the expenses of bringing his collection over here, so that the training college will get all the profit. The Duchess of Norfolk is chairman of the ball, and will receive the guests with the president, Lady Freyberg. It promises to be one of the gayest and most amusing evenings of the little season. There is a young and very able committee who know how to arrange a good party, including the vice-chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Wood, her niece, the Hon. Caroline Wood, Princess Frederick of Prussia, Lady Mary Bailey, Lady Caroline Gilmour, the Countess of Westmorland, the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry, Viscountess Duncannon, Mrs. Archie Kidston, Miss Jennifer McKinnon, the Hon. Diana Herbert and the Hon. Mrs. Harry Cubitt. Tickets for this dinner-dance may be obtained from Lady Victoria Scott, 27 Pelham Crescent, S.W.7.

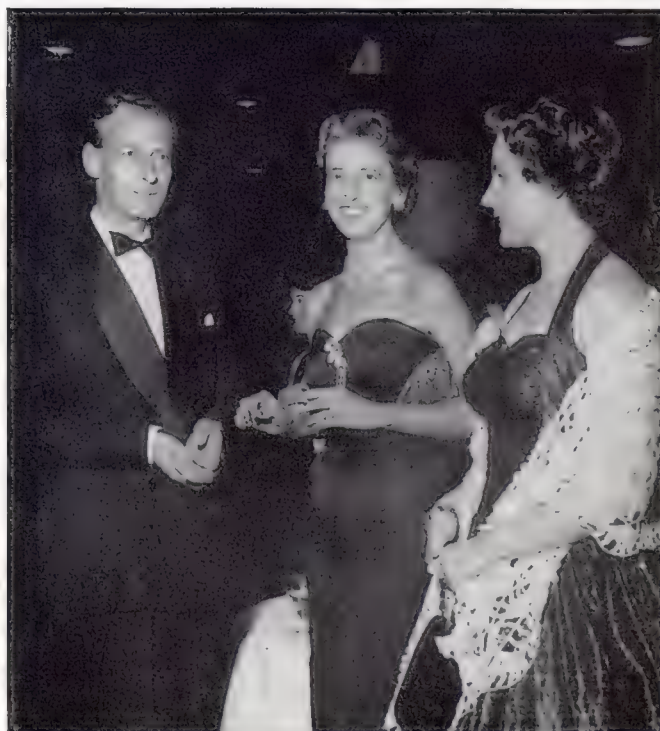
★ ★ ★

I WAS delighted to hear from Lady Worsley, who works so very hard for any good cause she undertakes, that the One Day Market at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in Vincent Square, of which she was the chairman, made a clear profit of approximately £2,400. A splendid effort. The money goes towards the scholarships for maintaining an American student in England under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union, while a British student is given a similar advantage in America.

From Warwickshire I hear that the fine sum of £1,100 has been sent to the National Fund for Polio Research headquarters in London, as a result of the ball held at Compton Verney in aid of this good cause in June.

★ ★ ★

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER very much hopes to attend the Empire Ball being held at the Dorchester Hotel on October 6. This is in aid of the Empire Rheumatism Council of which the Duke of Gloucester is president. Tickets for the ball may be obtained from the Secretary, Empire Rheumatism Council, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.



O'Neill

Guests at the reception given for the Stuttgart State Opera Company at the Royal Festival Hall

Dr. G. Schlumberger, the Austrian Consul, with Dr. Bridgitte Lohmeyer, who is Cultural Attaché at the German Embassy

Lord Moore, Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, and Countess Limburg Stirum discussed the performance of "Elektra"

The Countess of Harewood, who with her husband is such a great patron of opera, and the Swedish Ambassador, M. Hägglöf



Roundabout

Paul Holt

ON my way home from the Western Highlands I called in at Edinburgh, which was coming to the end of its annual festival of the arts.

The Edinburgh people are curious in their attitude towards their tourist trade. Prince's Street is daily packed with foreigners, and shops do a roaring business in shortcake and tartans, but the natives have a *grudging* Bohemianism about them. Their concern is insurance and banking, and this is all a frolic.

Yet they are willing to make as much money as they can out of the frolic. Up against the Walter Scott Monument there is a huge advertisement for motor-car sales and all the trams fly the Union Jack, instead of the Lion of Scotland.

And I heard one Scotsman complaining bitterly about the pubs being shut on a Sunday. "Are we a tourist town or not?" he demanded furiously.

I pointed out that every Scotsman knows well how to get a drink on a Sunday and that also they have the *bonafide* travellers law.

And if visitors from Texas and Pakistan are not *bona fide* travellers I don't know who can be.

Yet this man, who will go back this week to his solid interest in banking, was angry with what he called "hypocrisy."

MY host one evening was Mr. Lindsay D. Gumbley, a rich and cheerful man who lives by Queensferry on the Firth of Forth. He took me to dine with the Danish Ballet company and we had a jolly evening. One remark he made delighted me. As we drove past Fettes School I remarked that it had been said that the Duke of Cornwall would go there.

"That will be good for Edinburgh," he said.

The most beautiful thing in Scotland, if you exclude the Western Highlands, is Gainsborough's wonderful picture of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, which hangs in a side room, between a fine Goya and one of Raeburn's best in the Edinburgh National Gallery.

SHE was a glorious girl named Mary Cathcart, who was married to Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, later Lord Lynedoch. Gainsborough set to work on the portrait, which has the most delicate expression of mischief, as soon as Mary returned from her honeymoon and he has caught to perfection her gay look. Was she laughing at her husband, or was she smiling at the fun she had had on the Continent? Nobody will ever know, except Gainsborough.

He took eighteen months on the portrait which, he said, he wanted

to be the "compleatest ever"—and he succeeded. This is far lovelier than the "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre and can only be equalled, in my poor opinion, by the beauty of Botticelli's "Annunciation" in the Uffizi in Florence and Rembrandt's said portrait of himself as an old man.

There is a romantic quality to the Mrs. Graham portrait, which is all fine and frilly and silky, for she died just after it was finished and Robert Graham, Esq., of Redgorton gave it to the gallery "on the condition that it should never leave Scotland."

★ ★ ★

POOR Mr. Calvin Hoffman had to go home. He had come to England to get permission to open the tomb of Sir Thomas Walsingham at Chislehurst—and got it. He wanted to see if there was a chest in the tomb which would contain manuscripts to prove that Marlowe wrote Shakespeare's plays.

The chance that he might be right has been his preoccupation for twenty years and, by golly, he nearly achieved the moment of truth in his life a fortnight ago.

He came to dinner with me one night, still thinking he would pull it off, for he had permission all around to open the tomb. He talked for three hours, persistently, building up his case and sure he was about to prove it.

A small man, courteous as a beadle, tenacious as a weasel.

Marlowe was on the run for heresy. Supposed to have been killed in a Deptford brawl, who were the men who gave evidence of his death? Sir Thomas Walsingham's servants. And the man Frizer, who confessed to stabbing Marlowe, returned to Walsingham's employ the next day!

MARLOWE was smuggled to the Continent, says Hoffman, where he worked away at the play on material sent to him by Oxford, by Rutland? Certainly not by Shakespeare—"a third rate actor . . . who cornered the malt market," who never went to school, let alone university, so far as any letters show. So says Hoffman.

Now, why didn't Mr. Hoffman open the tomb? The truth is that there was a disputation elsewhere as fierce as Mr. Hoffman's own.

The Home Office and the local ecclesiastical authorities still contend their right to give a permission.

Sopoor Mr. Hoffman has had to go home, to earn his living again as a dramatic critic.

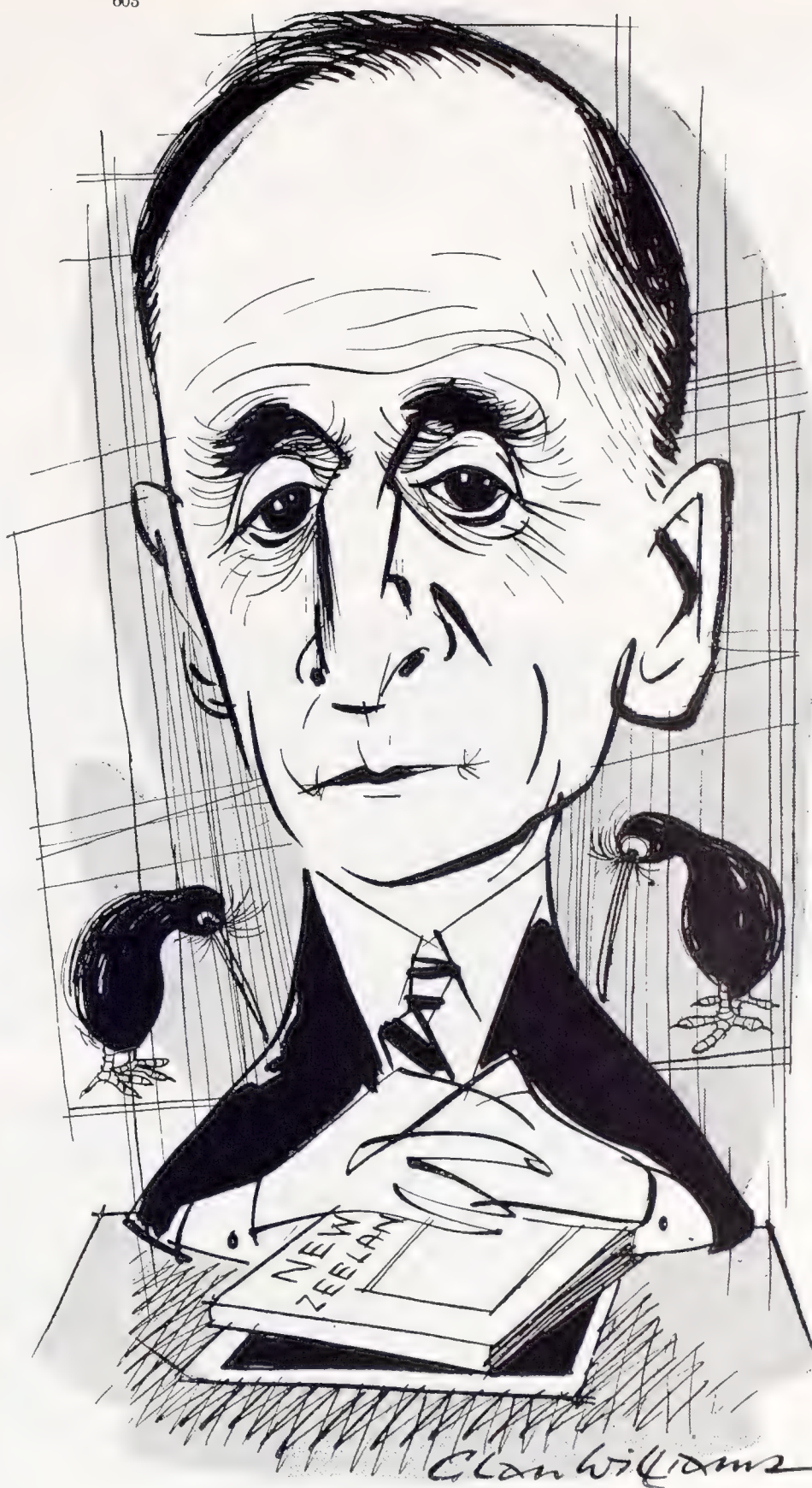
The powers of poetry pall before the opposition to the right to do something that hasn't been done before.

★ ★ ★

MISS VIDA HOPE, who is a brilliant stage producer (she made the greatest hit of her career with Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend*) is to marry Mr. Derek Twist, the film director.

In announcing this she said a charming thing:

"I have been engaged several times before, but never very successfully. . . ."



THE HON. THOMAS CLIFTON WEBB, Q.C., is High Commissioner in the U.K. for New Zealand, which on Monday celebrated its grant of Dominion status on September 26, 1907. Mr. Webb, since arriving in London in December last year in succession to the late Sir Frederick Doidge, has proved skilful and just in negotiating a balance of interest between his own and the mother country, while his interest in people and his warm-hearted personality has won him a large circle of friends. He served overseas with the first N.Z. Expeditionary Force in World War One, and returned to build up an important law practice in Auckland. In 1943 he entered politics as a National Party member, and before coming to London was Minister for External Affairs and Island Territories. He married Miss Lucy A. Nairn in 1915, and they have two daughters, one of whom is a law research officer in Wellington, while the other lives in London.

HEIRLOOMS OF THE FUTURE

MRS. M. E. CURRAN, who represents the National Jewellers' Association, here describes how an art as old as history is keeping in step with twentieth-century taste

MOBILITY, adaptability and flexibility—all characterized by lightness of treatment—are the outstanding new trends in jewel fashions. Not for three decades has there been so much versatility of design.

Immediate postwar jewellery expressed the emergence from austerity by a massiveness which, understandable as a gesture, is now dated and faintly *démodé*. Today all is preciousness and light; craftsmanship has reached a superlatively high level; fine gems move more freely on the market and high fashion calls essentially for fine jewellery as the perfect complement.

Significant of this appreciation of the importance of jewels in personal adornment is the

increasing number of leading couturiers who are designing jewellery. Their efforts, however, are confined to costume jewellery. In precious jewellery the artist craftsman reigns supreme and today is displaying a creative imagination which is calculated to make jewels of the mid-twentieth century the heirlooms of the future.

STRIKING simplicity closely allied to fluent lines characterize, for instance, the new jewels created by Aspreys, who have recently completed some magnificent suites for customers abroad. A notable suite which expresses the trend at this house comprises necklace, ear-rings and bracelet in baguette diamonds and seventy-five carats of sapphires

which has an air of magnificence and of character.

The necklace, in line with the modern trend, has an important central motif of "waterfall" baguette diamonds and large sapphires which is detachable to be worn as a clip. It is almost an essential today that important jewellery should serve a dual, triple or even a quadruple purpose. Though Aspreys use a good deal of platinum, their jewellery also features some gold. Here again the emphasis is on striking simplicity of line, dateless and appealing. One of their favourite alliances is topaz, in several shades, allied to gold, a combination which gives warmth and colour to the jewels.

WITH magnificence the keynote of full-dress occasions, Aspreys are finding a ready sale for tiaras, and here again the note of lightness is apparent. Wherever possible, women are seeking tiaras which are convertible into necklaces and vice versa. In this the present fashion for a shorter necklace—nearly all the newest ones are of choker length—is a help to the transformation from one version to the other.

Diamonds are the most favoured gems in this collection and they achieve a great deal by the blending of baguette with round diamonds. An interesting example of this is seen in an all-diamond brooch, about 3½ inches long, in the form of two birds perched on a bough over which their long tails flow in a lovely, fluid line. The bodies of the birds are entirely encrusted with brilliant-cut diamonds, the straight line of the bough being indicated by the use of baguette diamonds. The only exception to the all-diamond ensemble is the use of two emeralds as eyes. In the choice of this design, Aspreys considered this to be a dateless piece which yet expresses the peak of contemporary design.

For their overseas clients, Aspreys find that coloured gems are favoured, almost always, however, incorporated with diamonds, while more conservative home tastes favour diamond jewellery of a lighter type.

LIGHTNESS is also a *sine qua non* of the distinguished Boucheron collection. "The trend today," I was told, "is away from the solidity of immediate postwar designs towards a graceful *ajour* effect. Where gold is used to any extent—and it is featured in some of our new designs—it must always be open, so that it shows light through. Even large, important pieces achieve this graceful, elegant effect of lightness by the open pattern of the design."

This trend is beautifully exemplified in a very wide watch bracelet studded with rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, about two inches wide at the centre, tapering off narrowly towards the back. This bracelet is beautifully flexible and composed of open rings of gold in a massed effect, the gems—only used on the wider part—being set in the centre of these open gold rings. The central jewelled motif lifts to reveal a tiny gold watch, the whole piece comprising a perfect expression of the craftsman's art and the new elegance in jewellery which marks all Boucheron's jewels.

GRACEFULLY curling feather fronds in delicate gold work are another medium for lightness, seen in brooches and clips in the shape of a slightly curling feather, the fronds lightly patterned with diamonds and other precious stones. An exquisite clip and ear-ring suite set in topaz and diamonds gains this new elegance by the use of granulated gold wire which forms the open design in which the topaz and diamonds are set at intervals. A similar suite uses turquoises instead of topaz, "turquoises for blondes and topazes for brunettes." This granulated effect, which goes back to the earliest Mycenaean times, is

BOUCHERON

An eighteen carat gold watch/bracelet set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds with a watch concealed by a lid with jewelled motif



ASPREY

Another "dateless" piece: an all diamond brooch of two birds perched upon a bough. The bodies of the birds are encrusted with brilliant diamonds and the eyes are emeralds

also seen in little gold bangles composed of curved rows of gold wire about a quarter of an inch wide, set at intervals with rubies, sapphires, emeralds or diamonds. Among the topaz pieces noted in this house was a very lovely flower brooch, the petals of carved topaz, with stamens in the centre set with diamonds.

Though platinum is used to some extent by the house, gold predominates. Where platinum is used by Boucheron, both here and in Paris, it is almost invisible, as in the case of a star-shaped clip in which baguette and marquise diamonds are used to achieve the pointed effect and in which none of the platinum setting is perceptible from the front. Such skilful setting, giving full value to the flawless beauty of the diamonds, is a notable feature of the jewellery shown by Boucheron.

Their necklaces are notably shorter than of yore. All necklaces fit to the base of the throat. It is one of the most marked trends of the new jewels—that and adaptability to many other uses, for a necklace today often serves also to provide clips, a bracelet, ear-clips or perhaps even a hair ornament. An interesting commentary on a liking for larger rings for dress wear is the growing demand by clients to have a single stone taken from a small ring and built up to three-dimensional proportions by baguette diamond “shoulders.” In creating individual designs such as these, Boucheron embody their new trends towards lightness, even when a large gem is involved.

MJACQUES CARTIER, on the other hand, sums up the current trend at Cartiers as towards mobility and relief. Many of their new designs are still at the drawing board stage, but all epitomize this movement. “Mobility,” M. Cartier told me, “is an age-old point of interest in jewellery. Dangling, mobile jewellery likely to catch the eye and interest has more often than not in the past been confined to pieces of a novelty character rather than to pieces using important gems. Today we are using the theme to show outstanding stones. One example, still on the drawing board, is a gold and diamond necklace composed of a series of stylized leaves. The bases of the leaves cling snugly to the neck, while the pointed tips are bent outwards and downwards, thereby giving extreme mobility to the stones dangling from the leaf tips. This particular piece has been designed especially for wearing with the new, straight across the shoulders neckline which calls for a choker rather than for a dangling necklace.” The piece exemplifies the twin themes of mobility and relief which stamp Cartiers’ modern jewels.

THEY describe the biggest difference between prewar and postwar jewels as dimensional. Before the war jewels were flat, even when in tiers. Since the war three-dimensional designs have given new character, value and meaning to precious jewels. Taking this theme, Cartiers are adding to it a great deal of mobility and presenting it in an entirely different way. Here again, the use of gold and diamonds is high fashion.

Gold, M. Cartier considers, is popular provided it is presented in a precious way and cannot be mistaken for costume jewellery. The alliance of gold and diamonds he contends makes jewels which harmonize with almost any dress colour, while coloured gems tend to tie one to a particular shade. As M. Cartier sagely points out, when a woman spends a lot of money on precious jewellery she wants to be able to wear it appropriately with a number of outfits and on widely differing occasions. For brunettes, Cartiers have created some exquisite pieces set with topaz, and for blondes of the Nordic type, jewels combining aquamarines and diamonds or, more unusually, aquamarines and sapphires.

Lightness and movement and the use of contour in design especially mark the jewels by Garrards, Crown Jewellers and Goldsmiths to H.M. the Queen. Here there has been a complete, if gradual, breakaway from the orthodox, rather flat jewellery of an earlier epoch, and here again the three-dimensional theme is seen. Size is more important than hitherto and though in general it has not been an English fashion to wear big stones, the tendency is more and more in that direction, in both floral and what is called contemporary design.

THE charm of the small piece of jewellery has, to a large extent, disappeared from fashion, Mr. Cecil Mann told me. “There is far more movement in jewellery today, too, and craftsmen have achieved a remarkable ingenuity in designs that are convertible.” Garrards’ collection includes some especially fine diamond suites in which flexibility and fineness both of stones and of setting are noteworthy. They are showing double clips, chiefly in diamonds and platinum, which, though they can be worn as one piece, are not interdependent, i.e., each half is complete in itself, not a separate half of a single design, as was sometimes the case.

Here, too, the jewel fashion highlight of shorter, throat-fitting necklaces is to be noted, particularly in an example using collet diamonds. Raised flower motifs in diamonds allied to rubies, sapphires and emeralds are featured in some of the newest necklaces created by Garrard, whose collection throughout demonstrates the imaginative use of gold and platinum worked to incredible fineness as a setting for important stones. Some of their bird and flower brooches have the delicacy and charm of paintings brought to life.

BRACELETS in general follow the trend for width allied to a supple flexibility, to which is added a highly developed craft in settings which, while strong and secure for holding precious gems, is practically invisible. Ear-rings at this house run the gamut from diamond or pearl “buttons” to shower and chandelier styles, using exquisite gems in impeccable settings. Many of the newest of the drop earrings are convertible from day to evening wear. This convertibility is a feature of Garrards’ jewellery and one which marks a big stride forward in both design and craftsmanship.



CARTIER

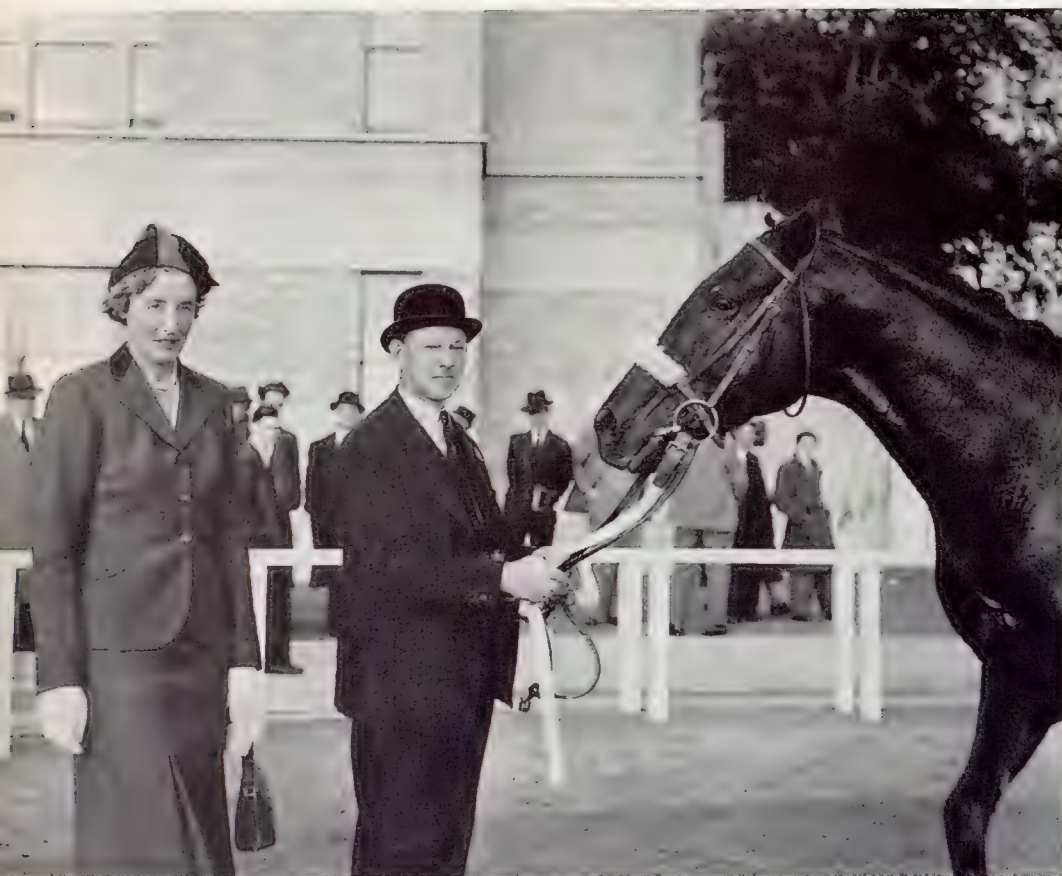
A supple half domed diamond bracelet, with a line of fancy shaped diamonds and large emerald cut diamond clasp, mounted in platinum



GARRARD

Diamond necklace with a removable clip brooch centre, mounted in all-platinum. The spray brooch and ear-rings are also in platinum and diamonds

THE IRISH ST. LEGER, held at the Curragh this month, created a surprise when it was won by a 100-8 outsider, Diamond Slipper (D. Page up) by half a length from the favourite, Cobetto. Below: Sir Hugh Nugent, Bt., holding the winner, which he trained, and which is owned by his mother, Mrs. E. J. King. With him is Lady Nugent



Above: Mrs. Anthony Wingfield and Brig. Wingfield, from Co. Westmeath, and Lady Stafford-King-Harman, from Boyle, Co. Roscommon

Below: Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, wife of the noted Irish owner, with Mrs. Allen Baker, from Co. Tipperary



Fennell

At the Races

WORK FOR THE VET

As things have turned out it seems to be very lucky that we had any Leger at all, or, in fact, racing anywhere, for it has been most devastating; fields of two and three and they not in the best of health. Meld went sick the day after the race, and ran a high temperature. Let us hope that her effort in the race, plus this disaster, have done her no harm; and anyway she races no more, but goes straight to the stud, where, probably, she will prove a matron of very high class.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize the trials which this very widespread coughing has imposed on the poor trainer, because they are self-evident. The worst feature of any cough is the after-effect. A horse may cease to have the inevitable temperature, and be to all appearances quite himself again, but it is usually quite unsafe to place too much reliance upon his having come back to what he was.

THE horse cannot give you much more useful information than is usually provided by the charming young thing who wants to go to a dance, and will only own up to "a slight headache," when you know very well that she ought to be in bed with a hot water bottle. This "slight cold" seems to knock a horse out much more than it does the wilful young woman, but fortunately it is easier to make a horse do as he is told than to prevail upon the lady to be sensible. The chap who said that they were "kittle cattle to shoe ahint" knew what he was talking about. The more plain-spoken Mr. Jorrock said that they were "Werry weary warmints." Horses are very much the same, the only difference being that we can control a sick horse, whereas it takes the best pair of hands that were ever bred, born or thought of to prevent the other "patient" from taking complete

charge and bolting in any direction which to her may seem good.

But the worst of it is that in the case of the horse this "slight cold" may not merely put him out of action for a bit, but may permanently disable him, i.e. break his wind, if he is worked, or even finish him off. A cough is a legal unsoundness, and whether it is tummy or the other kind, dry, and so forth, equally troublesome to tackle.

EVEN if a person does not know it already, he can get all the elementary information he wants from any of old "Gentleman" Hayes books; but the best thing is not to try any amateur doctoring yourself but get hold of a first-class vet, when one of the first things he will probably recommend is segregation, plus any subsequent treatment.

I expect that I am one of the very few survivors who knew "The Gentleman" personally, and furthermore had a ride for him on a big chesnut animal named Glaicks, a real good jumper, but as slow as a top. Horace Hayes was a wonderful man; he was no good on a horse himself, but he was such a great collector of information that he was able to tell everybody what they ought to do. He was a heavy, stocky chap and I should think must have walked well over twelve stone. He was a very good lecturer and always told his

listeners, of whom I was a very attentive one, exactly what he was talking about and did not confuse them with too many technical veterinary terms.

He was also a bit of a horse-breaker, and he had a theory, and a very good one it was, that if you tied a horse's head and tail together, that is, got his backbone bent, he could not buck. This he proved, and he picked all the wildest remounts he could find for his demonstrations. They used to bring them up in shiploads from Australia and half of them had hardly been broken.

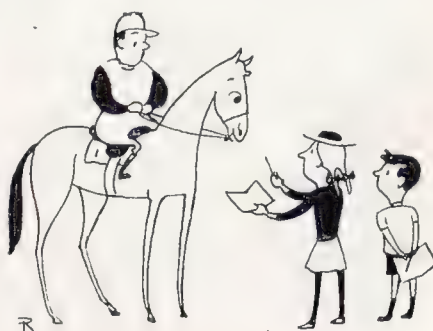
Nowadays all that sort of fun is kaput.

USUALLY it is not very difficult to pull anything human or equine to bits, if you have a mind to do it, and I expect that many people remember how such celebrities as St. Simon and Pretty Polly, just to take two instances, have been criticized. St. Simon's canon bones, i.e. the bits from the knees and hocks downwards, have often been pronounced to be far too long; "not close enough to the ground," as the jargon goes. Yet he was unbeaten, and his stock has ruled the roost for many years, and may still be said to do so. They have never ventured to say that "his hocks were up under his tail" (more slang) but they have hinted as much. Of course it never was true!

Of Pretty Polly they have said her shoulders were bad, "loaded" is the phrase; that she was far too broad-chested and never ought to have been able to gallop as she did. Her defects never stopped her! And now what of these two French horses Elpenor and Phil Drake of which we have seen so much and both of which have proved themselves? Elpenor is hard to fault, and his best point is his great length from hip to hock. He might have his shoulders a bit more laid back, and his neck might be a bit better set in; but otherwise . . . ?

As to Phil Drake, there are more chances. He is very straight in the shoulder; quite a bit "up in the air" (more slang) and he looks a bit light of bone! Yet he can travel like a train on the level and there is no question about his being able to stay. Yet he may not last. Those shoulders!

—SABRETACHE





THE ROYAL FAMILY ENJOYING THEIR ANNUAL SCOTTISH HOLIDAY

WHEN the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by their children and other members of the Royal Family, are up at Balmoral, it is one of the few opportunities in their busy lives when they can relax and enjoy themselves, like any other family on their annual holiday. Above: H.M. the Queen is seen with Princess Anne, helping her to adjust the bridle of her pony Greensleeves. Right: Prince Charles exercises his pony William. Prince Albert bought Balmoral Castle in 1852 and it was rebuilt three years later





Senora Sheila Palomo, Senora Iris Suazo, Senora Virginia de Gallegos and Senora Maria Castellanos awaiting the guests



Senor Thomen, the Dominican Ambassador, and Senora Thomen, at the reception



O'Neill

The High Commissioner for India, Mme. Pandit, was with the Maharajah of Kutch

FIVE REPUBLICS HAD CELEBRATION

A RECEPTION for 300 guests was held at Canning House, in Belgrave Square, upon the 134th anniversary of the independence of Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala



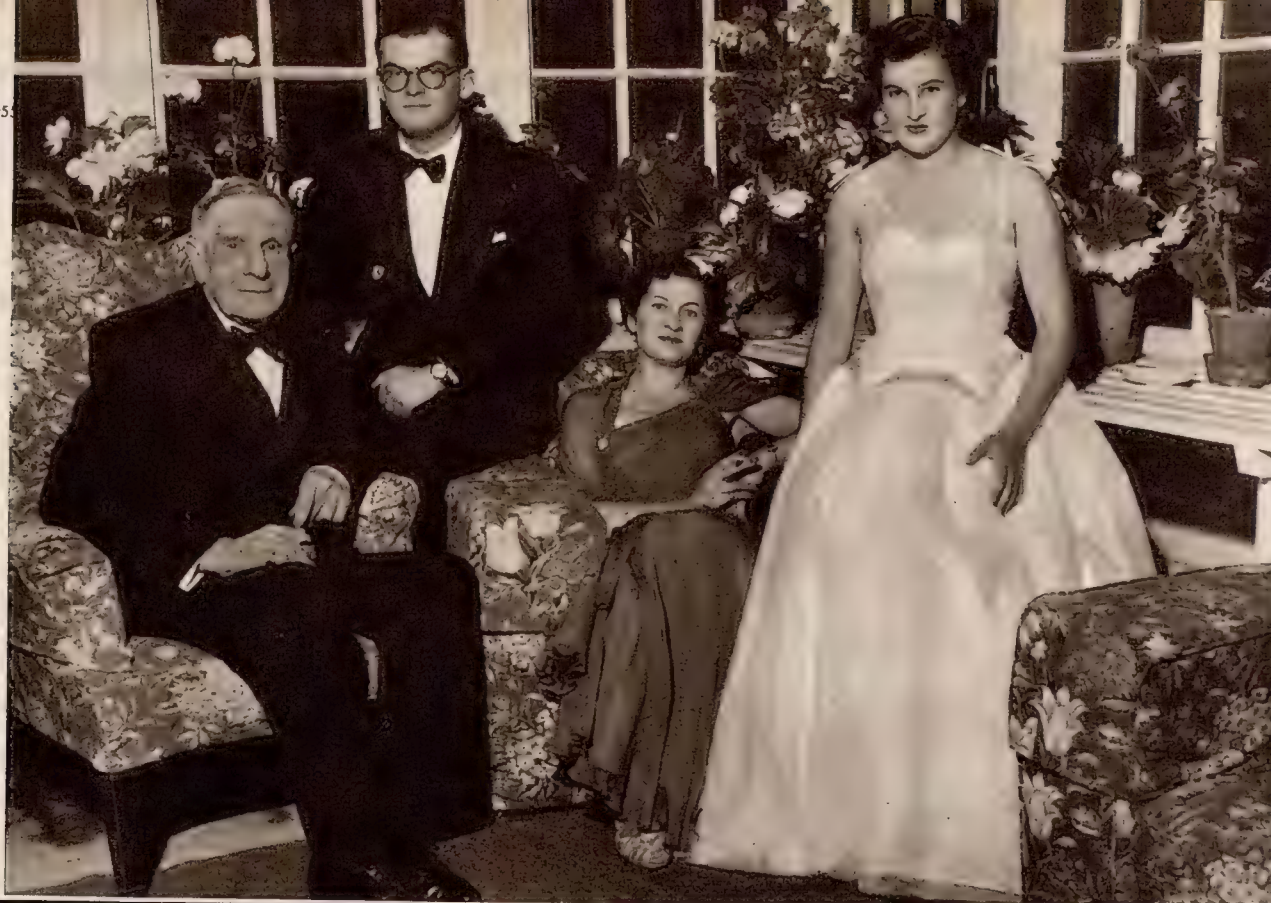
Mrs. T. L. Palmers, wife of the Nicaraguan Consul, and Mme. Guerrero, wife of the Philippine Ambassador



Miss Betty Campbell, over from the United States, and Miss Helen Wright



Miss Helen Block, Mrs. Geoffrey Myers and Miss Terry Leacock



*Alderman and Mrs. W. F. Long
and their children, Mr. Anthony
and Miss Bridget Long, in
their conservatory before the party*

A WEST COUNTRY COMING - OF - AGE

A VERY enjoyable dance was held at the home of Alderman and Mrs. W. F. Long, at Lansdown Park, near Bath, for their son Anthony, to celebrate his twenty-first birthday

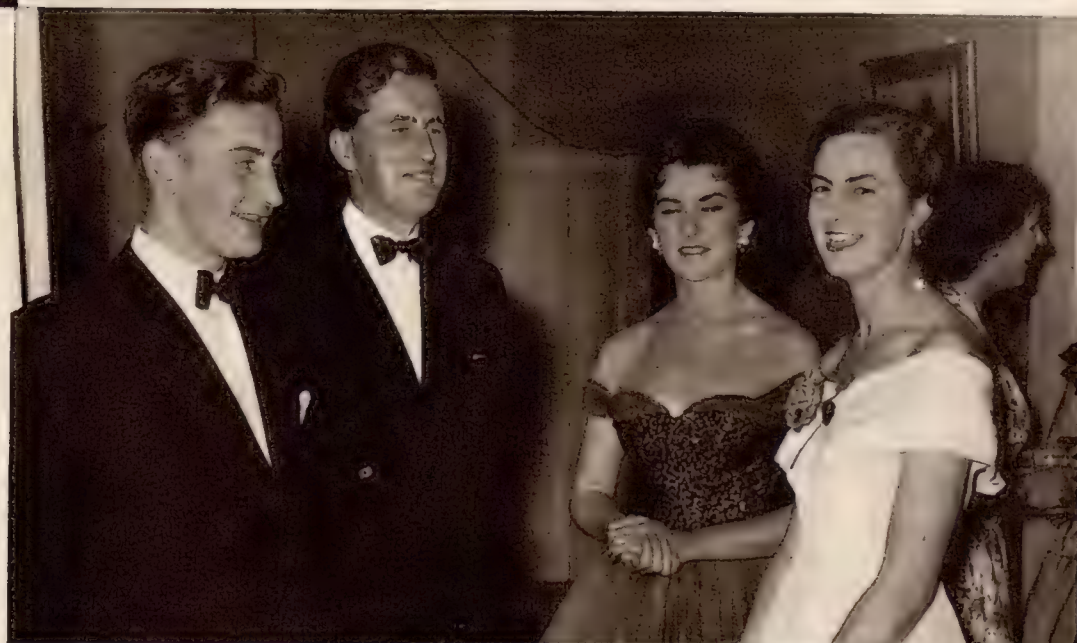


*Miss Angy Pauley, Lt. David Chapman,
R.N., and Lt. David Gladstone, R.N.,
on their way to the buffet for supper*

*Mr. Michael Morley and Miss
Elizabeth Bryden were dancing a waltz
during this very pleasant evening*



*Mr. John Hollis and the Hon. Alice
Jolliffe, daughter of Lord Hyllon*



*Mr. Tony Dakin, Mr. John Weeks, Miss Patricia Nicolls and
Miss Ann Hopkins were four other young people at the party*

W. Morris

At the Theatre

AUDACIOUS MR. PRIESTLEY

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THERE is bound to be risk in making fresh use of a theatrical situation which is already famous. The risk is not that the audience will remember the original all that well and make embarrassing comparisons. Rather it is that the author himself will remain so acutely conscious of his obligation that he may lose his comic nerve when he comes to make the borrowing his own. *Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon*, Mr. Priestley's new comedy at the Duchess, borrows its leading situation from Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner*; and the calculated risk that Mr. Priestley has taken lets him down at least to the extent of a remarkably unfunny first act.

MR. MAUGHAM's stockbroker, it may be remembered, came home from the City at a strange hour, trod down his tall, glossy silk hat and announced that he was tired of earning money for a selfish family and would never earn any more. His family had given him the right to be selfish, and something in us applauded the

spirited way in which he asserted his right.

Mr. Priestley's hero has no family. He is a thoroughly dependable branch manager of a bank living in a reasonably comfortable flat looked after by a willing and reasonably competent cook-char. And he also rebels, like the stockbroker.

WHILE walking to his office one wet morning in Brickmill, he decides that he likes neither the town nor the ways of the people who do business in it, and he has a sudden horror of himself as a respectable black-coated figure playing his part dependably in a sad, dull, sordid routine which leads nowhere.

So he says to himself, "To the devil with the office this morning and for ever," and surprises his charwoman by returning home, changing into week-end clothes and settling down with a toy pistol to shoot lions and tigers which fall back when struck into a cardboard box. Having thus surprised the charwoman, he slightly surprises us by putting the *Prince Igor* dances on the gramophone and trying, with clumsy



A HOPEFUL STARTER for the affections of Mr. Moon is Monica Twigg (Wendy Craig), a lady overburdened with personal charms

desperation, to become part of this reckless, romantic gaiety by clashing cymbals and beating a brass coal-scuttle with two drumsticks.

The intention of this scene is to appeal to the social rebel lurking in us all; and if it happened to be funny, no doubt we should soon feel that we had found a new and most engaging champion of individual right. But, in fact, the whole display has the effect of making us feel that our champion is behaving rather childish. We don't quite see what he thinks he is up to.

IT soon appears that there is nothing behind his spectacular rebellion against convention but a vague desire for a life of equally conventional romance. This desire is clarified for him by the chance of the repressed wife of a dull business man revealing to him that behind a carefully cultivated air of bespectacled severity she also is filled with the same desire. Mr. Priestley lets them have their romance (such as it is), and then, luckily for the play, himself relapses into an agreeable mood of farce. For the rest of the evening we are happy enough.

Mr. Clive Morton is the stag at bay. He goes the obtuse business man (humorously played by Mr. Raymond Francis), who is not in the least concerned at his wife's infidelity but is made dully anxious at the thought of scandal. He scathes the citizens of Brickmill left and right; gets knocked out by an interfering policeman; is reduced apparently to a state of infirmity by an inexperienced psychiatrist; and rises in the end a neck-or-nothing romantic.

THESE farcical goings on are enjoyable; but we are left reflecting that the rebel's notions of the good life are rather more desolating to the spirit than the prospect of spending a lifetime in Brickmill, going to the office every day. Mr. Priestley, not Miss Frances Rowe, must be blamed for this; she plays the heroine with much personal charm and raises her affair as high in the scale of romance as it could possibly go.



KICKING OVER THE TRACES: Mr. Kettle (Clive Morton) illustrates with cymbal and drum the fact that he is throwing respectability to the winds, abetted by his neighbour's wife, Mrs. Moon (Frances Rowe), to the consternation of the psychiatrist (John Moffatt) and the Police Superintendent (Richard Warner)



Angus McBean

AN EDITORIAL CONFERENCE

MONTGOMERY (Kenneth Williams), whose mother has bought him a boys' paper, discusses with teenage contributor Marilyn (Pamela Tearle), a fearless, forthright article on the tyranny of Nannies. A scene from *The Buccaneer*, Sandy Wilson's new musical comedy at the Lyric, Hammersmith, which, following *The Boy Friend*, confirms his status as a leading musical hope of the British stage

London Limelight

The paradox of Mme. Feuillère

"LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS" has about the same relationship to life as our own *East Lynne*. They both display a series of emotional jerks, now worn into clichés and unredeemed by literary merit, which is the only embalming fluid for a drunkard's redemption or a repentant harlot. Edwige Feuillère's brief season as *La Dame* at the Duke of York's has drawn attention to the lavish claims made on her behalf by her admirers. "The greatest living actress?" say the partisans, "What about Edith Evans or Peggy Ashcroft?" Mme. Feuillère needs no claque to leap to her

defence. She is undoubtedly the first lady of the French stage, and if she elects to appear as a melodramatic trollop, the only logical contemporary comparison is with Miss Mai Zetterling, who is demonstrating the same thing within a stone's throw, at the Garrick.

Miss Zetterling has the best of the exchange, for she remains earthy and credible,

whilst the weary platitudes of Dumas *filis* transform *La Feuillère* from a slut to a Grande Dame. All that remains is to watch a display of pyrotechnics, and here few of us will witness a more subtle magic.

EVEN the makeshift set and the uncertain lighting of this presentation could not rob the performance of its delights. Grace, deportment, elocution and emotion can be subjected to analysis; their amalgam in a great actress creates a new element not to be learnedly atomised. Nor is the lady to be captured in a phrase, for she is one of the great spirits of the theatre. Of course we could have wished a better play, but who, given the opportunity of seeing Bernhardt at the peak of her form in some trifling role, would pass it by?

Evenings which really notch the memory are rare in theatregoing, and this was such an occasion. I put it, with respect and gratitude, next to Phyllis Neilson Terry's very comparable *Trilby*.

—Youngman Carter



By-play with a parasol by Mme. Feuillère in
La Dame aux Camélias



Helen Haye takes the part of the Duchess of York, apprehensive for the future of her family, in the Vistavision *Richard III.*, to be seen next month



The Princes in the Tower, of tragic memory, are played by Andy Shine, son of actor Bill Shine, and Paul Huson, son of writer Richard Huson



Claire Bloom gives a touching performance as the Lady Anne, bride of Richard III., in the new film, made at Shepperton and in Spain, in Eastman Colour

At the Pictures

NARKOVER ALSO RAN

WHEN M.-G.-M. proposed to show *The Blackboard Jungle* at the Venice Film Festival, America's ambassador to Italy, Mrs. Clare Luce, firmly put her elegant foot down: this grim film, she felt, was no advertisement for the American way of life—and, indeed, it isn't. I still think it's a pity it was banned, though, for films like this and, for instance, *Grapes of Wrath*, so conclusively prove that the Americans have the courage and honesty to face the unpleasant fact that evil conditions do exist. What's more, they are free to expose them, if they wish.

I contend, therefore, with all due respect to Her Excellency, that *The Blackboard Jungle* is a very fine advertisement for Democracy—though it casts the gravest reflections upon certain elements of America's educational system.

Mr. Glenn Ford, somewhat starry-eyed, accepts the position of English teacher at North Manual High School, an institution described by officialdom as "a vocational trade school," by Mr. Louis Calhern, the sardonic maths master, as "a great big garbage can," and by me as a sink of delinquency. Mr. Ford is a dedicated pedagogue, burning to impart knowledge to the young. The young, in this instance, are a bunch of strapping, loose-mouthed, reefer-smoking, knife-toting, illiterate louts who'd as lief lynch a teacher as look at him.

MR. CALHERN's shrewd advice to Mr. Ford is: "Don't be a hero and never turn your back to the class." Mr. Ford disregards it and is nearly brained with a baseball. He laughs the incident off—it's just that he's new to the place. He tries humouring his pupils—and is hooted and jeered at. He tries disciplining them—and is asked by the vicious young gang-leader, Mr. Vic Morrow: "You ever try to fight thirty-five guys at one time, Teach?" He tries appealing to the better nature of an intelligent coloured boy, Mr. Sidney Poitier—and is snubbed humiliatingly.

The resistance to education his class puts up appals Mr. Ford. "How do they ever

graduate?" he asks Mr. Calhern. The reply is "Graduate? They don't graduate—they just get to be eighteen."

Finally, Mr. Ford learns the hard way what he is up against. A young school-mistress (Miss Margaret Hayes—far too sexy for the job) is assaulted by one of the youths and rescued by Mr. Ford: the youth is sent to gaol. Mr. Ford's pupils resent this. They trap him in a dark alley and beat him up—and they persecute his wife, Miss Anne Francis, with threatening telephone calls and poison pen notes, which so upset her that her baby is born prematurely. Mr. Ford, seething with rage, is ready to quit—but even this relentless film must have what might pass as a happy ending.

FOR when Mr. Morrow, doped to the gills, attacks Mr. Ford with a knife, Mr. Ford scores a victory. It's not, I'm afraid, a moral victory, but purely one of physical force. Still, it wins the hoodlums over to his side and apparently convinces Mr. Ford that there's hope for them yet—though it left me with the depressing thought that if a teacher wants to knock some sense into young thugs, he'd better do it literally.

Mr. Ford is an actor of the greatest integrity and his performance is almost painfully convincing in the feeling it conveys of growing frustration, sudden black anger and momentary despair.



During lessons, bad boy Vic Morrow presents a spiky ultimatum to school-master Glenn Ford in *The Blackboard Jungle*

"Wagonmaster," revived by The National Film Theatre in their season of films directed by Mr. John Ford, was made in 1950—without benefit of Technicolor, wide screen, CinemaScope, Vistavision, or any other sort of new-fangled fol-de-rol. It follows a Mormon wagon train on its hazardous trek westwards in the latter part of the nineteenth century, under the leadership of a boyish but resourceful wagonmaster—Mr. Ben Johnson—whom I find perfectly charming.

The film has a beautiful simplicity and a lyrical quality. It will never fail to astonish me that Mr. John Ford, who displays here such a remarkably fine sense of character and period, is the same Mr. Ford who perpetrated that obnoxious piece of cod-Oirishery, *The Quiet Man*. Well, that's Hollywood for you.

BURT LANCASTER is both the director and the star of *The Kentuckian*—a long, lazy, lumbering film about a simple Kentucky backwoodsman who sets out to walk to Texas and gets bogged down half-way at a little snarly town called Humility.

He is accompanied by his small motherless son (Master Donald MacDonald), an amiable hound-dawg called Faro, and a bonded servant girl (Miss Dianne Foster) whom, in a quite disinterested way, he has bought out of service. They are gravely concerned when he shows signs of settling down in Humility—for this means that the boy will be sent to school, Miss Foster will have to work at the tavern, and poor Faro spend all his time tied to a post in a backyard.

Fortunately for them, though unfortunately for the local schoolmarm (Miss Diana Lynn), two members of the feuding Frome family, who have been following Mr. Lancaster like lean wolves, arrive in the town—and Mr. Lancaster opines that he'd better be movin' on to Texas, after all.

There are great CinemaScope swags of scenery, but not a great deal of action—and what there is of that has been rigorously cut by the Censor, who felt nobody would want to see Mr. Lancaster lashed with a bull whip until the blood streams down his back, or care to hear the crunch of a villain's skull under a rifle-butt. Quite right, too.

Mr. Lancaster's performance is distinguished by a pleasing, old-world dignity—the other performances are not distinguished at all, though Miss Foster comes closest to bringing a character to life. As a director, Mr. Lancaster is a good actor.

—Elsbeth Grant



HAG-RIDDEN AND FOREBODING, Richard III. awakes on the eve of Bosworth from a nightmare in which he is cursed by the souls of his victims. Sir Laurence gives a performance of immense power as a human tarantula in the forthcoming film of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, which is certain to add explosive fuel to the arguments now raging around Richard's historical character. The film is produced and directed by Sir Laurence, and the actors include Sir John Gielgud as Clarence and Sir Ralph Richardson as Buckingham

Television

SLIDING PANEL GAME

ONE strange feature of the new TV is the sudden death of panel games. Mr. Cecil McGivern, when he announced the B.B.C.'s autumn defensive, was positively apologetic about former reliance on these pastimes. With the exception of "What's My Line?" which will be resurrected in some triumph next month, such childish games have been put away in favour of more serious problem panels.

Ernest Dudley's "Judge For Yourself" (Monday) is a good idea. Court scenes never have failed and TV can turn viewers into a jury as no other medium could. Unfortunately, the first two cases before the TV jury, one of breach of promise, and one of very petty larceny, were in themselves of minimum interest. The third case, of homicide, confirmed that slightly more vivid crimes would ensure a happy TV jury.

EDANA ROMNEY'S "Is This Your Problem?" (Thursday) is liable to cause more controversy. I was unfortunately prevented from seeing the opening session and had to rely on my household reports. These included a graphic account of every problem presented, in such detail that one of the unmarried mothers, Miss Burns, has since become a household name in my home; and there could be no doubt of the programme's grip on the kitchen.

Another opinion (male, adult) was: "The programme was very good—if it is wise for personal problems to be thus discussed in public." Still another viewer had difficulty in realising that the victims he saw thus exploited offered themselves willingly for their neo-Roman holiday. The doubt seems to be whether the credulous people who consult the panel may really allow the team of popular preachers, teachers and psychiatrists to settle their lives for them in this way. All my informants agreed on Edana Romney's charm and ability to inspire confidence. I shall certainly view for myself to-morrow.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The Gramophone

TWO AGAINST GIMMICKS

RALPH YOUNG is a singer of whom I believe we shall be hearing considerably more during the course of the next few years. Having gained experience with such reputable hands as those led by Sy Oliver, Les Brown and Shep Fields, he emerges as a solo artist of genuine polish. Currently he offers "The Man from Laramie" and "The Bible Tells Me So." For both he is accompanied by Jack Pleis and his Orchestra, and he sings effortlessly and without any kind of affectation whatsoever.

His recording of "Laramie" is the best so far released, and he compels his listeners to hear the second song right through, even if they are not particularly partial to that kind of lyric, popular though the type is in the wilds of the U.S.A. Ralph Young has recently signed a recording contract with the Decca organisation, and if I'm any judge of the business acumen behind this enterprise, everyone is going to be highly delighted over the deal. (Brunswick 05466.)

ON the other hand, Lenny Angelo is a singer of British-Italian parentage, who makes his bow with two songs written by his father. They are "Show Me The Way" and "Broken-Hearted Shadow." He is accompanied by Jan Ralini and his Orchestra, a combination that has given such pleasure to so many millions over the years. Lenny Angelo has neither got the voice nor the attack of Ralph Young, but his diction is exceptionally clear, and he, too, presents his songs effortlessly and mercifully without any sign of affectation. I do not claim to be any kind of a prophet, but it is entirely possible that through these two singers the nauseating fashion for gimmicks amongst the males may die its long and overdue death! Whether that happens is not really at issue, for whatever the future has in store for us gramophonically, I most certainly plump for Ralph Young and Lenny Angelo. (Melodisc P.236.)

—Robert Tredinnick

A GREAT LANCASHIRE HOUSE OF MANY RARE TREASURES

INCE BLUNDELL HALL, near Hightown, in Lancashire, is renowned for its magnificent collection of pictures and sculptures which was formed between the years 1777 and 1800 by Henry Blundell. The present house replaces the old Hall or Manor House which stands in the grounds near by and dates from 1380. The present chatelaine of Ince, Mrs. G. F. Weld-Blundell, succeeded to the estate jointly with her younger sister, the late Mrs. John Weld-Blundell



Miss Frederica Montagu in the garden temple with its renowned statuary. She is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. G. F. Weld-Blundell.



The present house dates from 1720. One Henry Blundell built to house the collection Pantheon and is a reproduction on a smaller scale.



The Gallery at Ince Blundell Hall. This magnificently proportioned room contains some of the finest pictures in the Ince Blundell collection.



The right is one of the galleries which
on of sculptures. It is called the
er scale of the famous one in Rome



The walls of the dining-room overlook the
park and are hung with tapestries by Franz
van der Borcht from Teniers cartoons



Capt. G. F. Weld-Blundell, R.N., a grandson of
Lord Robert Montagu, assumed with his wife
the surname and arms of Weld-Blundell



Mrs. G. F. Weld-Blundell and her daughter Miss
Frederica Montagu in the drawing-room. Mrs.
Weld-Blundell succeeded to the estate in 1923

Brodrick Haldane

Standing By . . . D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CADS' CORNER

CAD-THRASHING being all but obsolete—nowadays your unmasked cad stays to dinner and takes Popsy on somewhere to dance—a recent reminder by a wellknown Piccadilly firm that "we have been making whips since 1750" probably doesn't hold the latent menace it once did. However, it struck us again last week as a point worth keeping in mind.

Cads in wig and ruffles, cads in side-whiskers and strapped "trowsers," cads in elegant Victorian frockcoats and natty Edwardian morning dress—all these have been taught a much-needed lesson by sahibs dealing with the Old Firm, who probably have a lot of useful data on the subject. It must have been early in the decadent 1920's that the first cad of the new régime, having taken his thrashing, cried breezily "Trade follows the Flog!" and sold his late executioner an electric-carpet-sweeper. He can hardly have been "cut quietly to ribbons," therefore, like the cad in the Kipling story. Maybe the sahib was not in form. Maybe the preliminary effort of lip-curling wearied him. Maybe (as so often happened in the 1920's) the sahib was drunk.

Afterthought

ANYHOW the Kipling phrase seems to us suspect. Cads duck and dodge to and fro, and to cut a man quietly to ribbons you have to have him standing relatively still. Our feeling is that in this—possibly common—case the cad got the upper hand and thrashed the sahib, but being a kindhearted cad he didn't want to ruin Kipling's future. ("All right, old boy—he cut me quietly to ribbons. . . . No. No cheques, please.") A decent, white cad, as one might say. No doubt there are plenty.

Trash

IN the British amateur gardening underworld, we perceive from a trenchant *exposé* in the Royal Horticultural Society's journal, there is a substratum of poor-white trash which lacks the courage to plant maidenhair fern (*Adiantum venustum*) in the open air. Repeated cries of "Be of stout heart and plant it out!" from a notable

voice at Watford have no effect on these weaklings, apparently.

From what a chap in the racket tells us the situation strangely recalls that sombre American stage-success, *Tobacco Road*. Sallow, gaunt, and lifeless, lacking all moral fibre, the poor-whites stare for hours with hopeless yellow eyes at the maidenhair fern in the greenhouse, deaf to the Voice from Watford ("Plant it out!"), roaring like Ney to the guns at the Beresina. Eventually they drop their trowels with a defeatist mumble and shuffle indoors to nurse a broken banjo and smoke "reefers." We asked this chap what the position is about intermarriage with the openair school. It is, as you might expect, tabu, and mothers are always on the watch. You've been seen talking to that Fernshy person again, Myra. Oh, Mumsie. You're aware he's one of those halfbreed dagoes who keep maidenhair under glass? Oh, Mumsie. Go to the potting-shed instantly, and stay there. Oh, Mumsie.

It's the unfortunate little ones we're thinking of—the products of runaway matches. Poor gardening whites are liable to run amuck in desperation and plant these out instead, it seems.

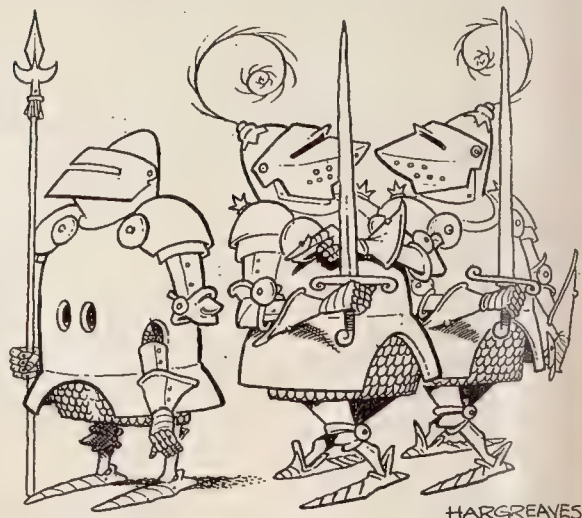
Note

THE Board do not intend to pay an interim dividend in December next—there was apparently no pause after this remark, and the Chairman's speech we were reading (for pleasure) ran smoothly on. As a confirmed shareholder we often wonder if you white men miss what Fleet Street calls the Human Note, so often deleted from Press reports of company-meetings?

At one recent City meeting, we recall the Chairman, having made a similar announcement to that above, paused with a friendly smile. "Hold!" cried a pale, lovely woman in the front row, with agony dilating her glorious orbs. "This cannot be!" Scene ensuing:

THE CHAIRMAN (beaming): Believe me, madam, it can.

A CLERGYMAN (sternly): To attempt to separate a beautiful and innocent creature from



"Rather short for the Guards, isn't he?"

her dough in this way is no occasion for the heartless grin and the cynical grimace.

A STOUT SHAREHOLDER: Stay! I perceive there may yet be worse to come! Can it be, Mr. Chairman, that the Board do not intend to pay the dividend following?

THE CHAIRMAN (beaming): Neither that nor any other, believe you me.

A THIN SHAREHOLDER (agitated): Can it be that we are down the drain?

Here the Chairman shook with laughter and was unable to reply for several moments.

THE CHAIRMAN (at length): You are down the drain.

To do him justice he apologised to us all later for the howls of mirth among the Board at this very necessary distinction, and after the principal solicitor (who had choked) had recovered, the speech was resumed and the company folded up in due order. The Human Note! How it heals and hallows!

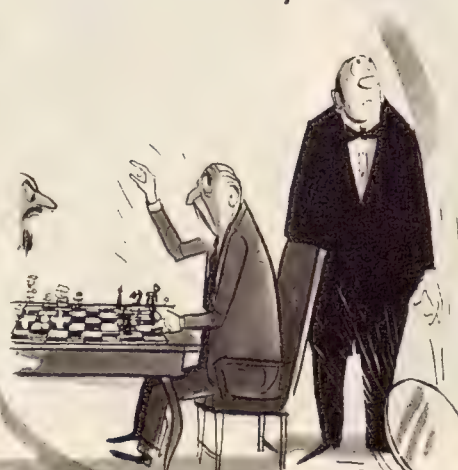
Lines

INSPIRED by a Leading Article's Yell of "Set the Coal-Merchant Free!"; with a Respectful Bow to the Honoured Shade of Mrs. Harriet Beecher (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*) Stowe:

Beside the ungathered coal he lay,
Deeming, with some aplomb,
That Mrs. Stowe might pass that way,
And cry "Why, Uncle Tom!"
But all she said was: "How d'you do?
I can't start civil wars for you."

She said: "I am a Worker, see?
A busy life is mine,
Lincoln was very rude to me,
But Baby draws the line;
Lay off those blubbery grimaces—
I don't free men with dirty faces."

BRIGGS . . . by Graham



Roger Garland and Andrew McCulloch were concentrating on the serious and expert business of preparing for a sail



Miss Josephine Borthwick ably assisted by Mr. Nicholas Worth were getting ready to go out in her Firefly together



Mr. and Mrs. Jason Borthwick get under way. Mr. Borthwick is a member of the Olympic Commission of the R.Y.A.



AT BRANCASTER STAITHE, North Norfolk, dinghy enthusiasts find the tidal harbour ideal for sailing small boats of every description. Above: Mrs. Donald McCulloch was giving a sailing lesson to her youngest daughter, Rohan, aged seven



Gabor Denes

Mr. Brian Borthwick with Mrs. F. Ashby and Mr. F. Ashby were about to go for a sail in his Uffa Fox Jolly Boat



A COCKTAIL-DANÇANT was held at Lausanne, Switzerland, by Comte and Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues in their lovely home at Ouchy in aid of French charities. Members of the Spanish Royal House were among the guests. Above: H.R.H. the Count of Barcelona, son of Queen Victoria Eugenie (who also attended the reception), in conversation with the hostess during the course of the party



Princess Sandra Torlonia, eldest daughter of the Infanta Beatriz, Princess Torlonia, with her cousin, H.R.H. the Infant Don Juan Carlos de Bourbon

Priscilla in Paris

THE PAVEMENT COMMANDOS

FROM the Métro station at the Opera an elderly couple emerged. The stairs are steep and they were out of breath. They stood on the kerb, with their backs towards the Opera House, the vista of the avenue de l'Opéra stretching away to the Comédie Française before them. Silently they stared at the newly widened thoroughfare. Widened to the disadvantage of the pavements.

"I do not like it!" Madame declared. "But it is practical!" said Monsieur. I indeed sympathised with Madame. It was pleasant to be able to saunter along the wide pavements of the avenue and window-shop or greet one's friends without being jostled. Nevertheless, I agreed also with Monsieur. The traffic jams had become sensational and the present, 19-metre-wide roadway certainly is more *pratique*! As an owner-driver I am delighted to enjoy more space. On the other hand, as a humble pedestrian I am becoming anxious.

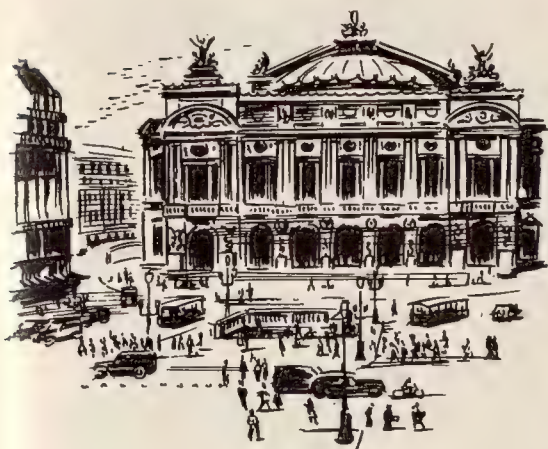
AFTER an absence from Paris I enjoy wandering through the streets like a country cousin or a foreigner visiting the town for the first time. Starting from the Etoile I make my way down the Champs Elysées, across (or rather round!) the Place de la Concorde and along the rue Royale. There I stop for tea—and two or three of their delectable little sandwiches—at Zadurée's. Not because it is a particularly fashionable *pâtisserie* but because, every year, on a golden, early autumn afternoon, I have made it an immutable rite to do so.

Then I go along the boulevard, turn right on the avenue de l'Opéra and regain my dear Left Bank via the Place du Carrousel. The sun is sinking behind the Arc de Triomphe in a blaze of glory and the splendour of that moment moves me deeply.

There's sentiment for you!

But people who know their Paris surely will agree that such a walk is one of the simple joys of the city, and those who are making their first stay may as well try it.

It is not, however, unfraught with peril. The avenue des Champs Elysées is, perhaps, the widest thoroughfare in Paris, but even so it is not wide enough. There is the usual pavement before the shops, then a wide expanse of gravel, then more pavement and then more gravel before reaching the road. The crush on the



shopping-pavement is the worst, but the crowd on the promenade pavement is the most puzzling. British visitors stick to their left. Italians dance about. We, poo', white, local trash, cling to the right right righteously.

The café tables encroach almost to the roadway. Peanut vendors and North African carpet merchants get under the *garçons'* feet. Passers-by fall over the feet of the leg-sprawlers seated at the tables.

CARS are allowed to park *en bataille* (whatever that may be in English?) on the kerb-stretch of gravel. While making their way to the coveted parking spaces, they dodge the pedestrians and the pedestrians dodge them—but not always. . . . Then there is trouble, but not more than a lick of paint or a dry-cleaner can cure.

There is also a small matter of cinema queues, but they can be pushed around and cut through, and in the *mêlée* those at the back usually manage to move up a few places. Disorderly? A little undignified? Yes, perhaps . . . but so gay and *bon enfant*! The above-mentioned peril? Nay, nay, that was just my fun. Of course, one sometimes twists an ankle but that is nothing. The City Fathers widen the thoroughfares, but the City Workmen occasionally forget to fill up ancient holes!

RECENTLY there have been a few *premières*, but they were mostly revivals. (This reads like an Irishism, but it is merely the jargon of the theatre world.) They have served to teach us what really to think about the autumn fashions when they are worn by other than glamorous mannequins. There is, for instance, a chill-some bleakness about some of the collarless jackets and coats that one sees. The wearers thereof look like victims prepared for the axe of the guillotine.

As for the millinery that, in shape, resembles an extinguisher or a cantaloup, a Sherpa head-dress or a hedgehog, a breakfast tray or a coffee-cup saucer, I am inclined to believe that even Mme. Steve Passeur, who specialises in strange headgear, will go bareheaded! As for me, I have ordered two sun-bonnets. One made of lace and the other of fur. It is well to be prepared for everything.

Ligne de sagesse

- Fashion note: the Y-line is not a Y-se line for everybody!



Mrs. Constance Wadham, who was talking to Mr. Thyre Lee-Elliott, the artist



H.R.H. the Infanta Beatriz, Princess Torlonia, with the Duke of Algeciras



H.R.H. the Infanta Maria Cristina, Countess Marone, in conversation with Mr. H. Lenning



Mme. Papalexopoulou (right) with her daughters Mme. Sikiaridis and Mme. Saris



The Marquise de Levis Mirepoix was talking to Mr. Charles Harding at the reception



F. J. Goodman
Countess Potocka, from Paris, with her son Slach and the Princess Del Drago

THE BEAUTY OF WOMAN, by Louis Stanley (W. H. Allen; 21s.), is an intriguing history of feminine beauty through the ages. The author brings to life in vivid fashion the most beautiful women the world has ever known. (Right) Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Virgin of the Rocks"



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

LIFE WITH MOTHER

THERE'S no such thing, I dare say, as an "ordinary" friendship. Attraction, affection, amusement and curiosity cause people to strike sparks out of one another—a friend might possibly be defined as someone with whom one is never dull. True, into long-lasting friendships there may enter something of the element of a habit—but even so, things may at any moment take a delightfully unexpected turn. A friend is a person with whom one can be oneself—and how unpredictable self is!

Unpredictable, certainly, and from the very first, was Lady Mendl, the former Elsie de Wolfe, subject of Ludwig Bemelmans' *TO THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST* (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.). The author first met this memorable creature when, at ninety, she was at her vivacious best. The two fell into friendship from the first glance.

GRANTED that, in so-called "ordinary" people a friendship can touch into being latent genius, one cannot be surprised at what happens when two of evident genius meet. The scene of the meeting was After All, the well-named Hollywood mansion in which Lady Mendl and her husband Sir Charles were putting through their years of exile from Europe, unavoidably caused by World War Two. Lady Mendl, aware of Ludwig Bemelmans' presence in Hollywood, and very rightly liking the sound of him, had invited him to drink a *tête-à-tête* cocktail. (To be accurate, after one sip of the inspired mixture, the guest intimated a preference for a Scotch and soda.)

At ninety, Lady Mendl weighed ninety pounds—ninety pounds, that is, without her jewellery. She wore, as she continued to wear, a severe black dress made by Mainbocher; her legs were like those of a little girl, and well shod, in low-heeled black shoes that a ballerina might wear. Sticking into her pockets her never-ungloved hands, she with her chin motioned Mr. Bemelmans to a white couch on which were three pillows in deep sea-green satin, with letters embroidered in white silk. The

first pillow read: "It takes a stout heart to live without roots." On the second was: "Never explain, never complain." And on the third: "Who rides a tiger can never descend."

We faced [Mr. Bemelmans tells us] a vast mirror, oxidised, and fogged with age.

She looked at me in this mirror (most of our conversations took place via this mirror) and after the get-acquainted talk she said, "Stevie, I have very clear eyes. I have second sight and instant recognition. We will be very good friends, you and I, such good friends that when Mother talks to you it will be as though she talked to herself."

Mr. Bemelmans doesn't know why she called him Stevie, probably because a war was going on with Germany and she didn't like the Teutonic "Ludwig." Anyway, living up to the second cushion, nothing was explained: he was Stevie and she was Mother, from then on. *To the One I Love the Best* is the chronicle of a friendship which could appear amazing because neither party to it was amazed. Sir Charles, making what, where Mr. Bemelmans was concerned, was his first entrance, tripped up over a footstool which had been Madame de Pompadour's and remained for some minutes extended silently on the floor. "Having played polo all my life," he later explained, "I know how to fall."

THE Mendl marriage, a running dialogue of the most incomparable inconsequence, adds to the charms of *To the One I Love the Best*. Sir Charles went, on the whole, his own quiet way. Devoted, and more or less fatalistic, he did groan, however, from time to time, beneath the caprices of "the old girl." No less did one suffer from her resourcefulness. Mr. Bemelmans' beach hut, some miles away from the over-exquisiteness of After All, provided the ideal masculine hide-out—until, alas, Mother put a stop to that.

Mother, by her own showing, overlooked much. "Dear Charles," she said, "he looks so wonderful against the fireplace. . . ." The

Alice-in-Wonderland-like atmosphere of this true story is heightened by scene after scene as one reads on—Blue Blue, miniature poodle, tackling the python at the party; the sound-proofing (against snores) of Sir Charles's bedroom; the defeat over the mansion "Prospect of Tara"; the escapades of "the kitty cats and the puthy cats"—and, later, the Mendls' return to the Versailles villa. Temptations to quote from this book are endless—its quality is hard to analyse: glittering, steeped in a golden melancholy.

HOLLYWOOD, in the background, contributes its share of the phantasmagoric. Yet in no sense is this a Hollywood set-piece. Each figure in the Mendl entourage—most notably Coombs the butler, Achille the chauffeur and philosophic Miss West of the puthy cats—stands out, unique.

To the One I Love the Best could only have been written by Ludwig Bemelmans. "I am a painter," he at one point explains to Mother, "and not a writer, and you will always see my books rather than hear them. I paint with type, and that is hard, for type has no colour, no variety beyond the dictionary and the stored information in the reader's mind. Like music, painting starts where words end." Maybe. Yet see what this painter can do with words! Nor have we words only: here are Bemelmans' drawings.

★ ★ ★

THE CHRYSALIDS, by John Wyndham (Michael Joseph; ros. 6d.), takes its place in its publisher's series, "Novels of To-morrow"—to which, I gather, this author's previous books, *The Day of the Trifids* and *The Kraken Wakes*, already belong.

All novels about the future—or, to be more exact, set in the future—seem bound to be either uncomfortable or Utopian. Since the time of the earlier, scientifically-optimistic H. G. Wells, we have been given far, far fewer Utopias. Nightmares, at their extreme devised by the late George Orwell or by Aldous Huxley, have come to be more the thing for fireside reading. Mr. Wyndham is not a nightmare-monger, though I myself do not find him exactly comforting.

[Continued on page 638]



"JOHN AND JENNIFER'S PONY CLUB" (Nelson, 6s.), from which this picture is taken, is designed and illustrated by Gee Denes, with story by Lady Kitty Ritson. It is a book for all children



Swaebs

THE HON. WILLIAM BUCHAN WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY

THE HON. WILLIAM BUCHAN, Lord Tweedsmuir's elder brother, with his wife and their family of three sons and three daughters in the drawing-room of their home, The White House, Ewelme, Oxford. Mr. Buchan, who is an executive of a Public Relations firm, was editor of the British edition of a well-known American magazine from 1951-54 and has also published a book of verse called *Personal Poems*. Mrs. Buchan is the daughter of Maj. E. N. Ensor and married the Hon. William Buchan in 1946





This big hat of black felt and long-haired melusine can be had with or without its circlet of rhinestones. The cost is £15 19s. 6d.

Harmony of opposites hat spells out "chic"

WE have chosen this very new two-piece from Debenhams & Freebody because it has that narrow-as-a-tube-of-paint look, that tunic-line chic and sophisticated colouring of dark red and black stripes that are all hot news from Paris this autumn. Made of gleaming worsted baratheia, the seven-eighths length jacket, opposite, hangs straight from a high bust line—a line emphasized by short revers and two pocket flaps. The narrow skirted dress is shown on the right. Price complete, 33½ gns.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK by Mariel Deans

The black baratheia dress with three-quarter sleeves and a vee neckline has a piping on bodice and pocket edges of the coat material





Three-quarter length coat in camel-coloured wool. Double breasted, with a big collar, we show it here worn with a country skirt of check tweed. Try wearing it also with a slim black skirt and town accessories. From Swan & Edgar, Price 6½ gns.

Wardrobe for the early twenties

Picked for their easy-to-wear elegance and youthful good looks these clothes are well cut, pretty and reasonable in price

— MARIEL DEANS

Below: Short evening dress of deep blue lace over a white tulle foundation. The line of the scooped-out décolletage is shown in reverse where the bodice is joined to the tulle skirt—and emphasized by dark stitching. From Harrods Heim-Jeune Fille department, price 32 gns.





John Cole

Left: Two dinner dresses of pale brocade from Debenham & Freebody. Standing, a narrow sleeveless frock of grey-blue and white with a neckline. Seated, a more covered up affair, white and gold, with a spreading skirt and fitted waist. They cost 8 gns. and 6½ gns. respectively

Bourne & Hollingsworth sell this dream of a black wool dress. Made of a fine jersey, it has a princess line and is lined right through with a stiffening fabric in the best couture tradition. The neck is edged and trimmed with black grosgrain. Price 11 gns.

Five shields against the sting of Italy's winter

THE words "Italian Winter" bring to mind clear, thin sunshine at midday followed by golden blue afternoons and a short cold twilight whilst the sun goes down in splendour behind the domes and pinnacles of Rome or Florence. The five models on these pages, from collections shown recently in Florence, spotlight the Italian interpretation of winter fashions destined to be worn in this most favoured climate

—MARIEL DEANS



1 A two-piece in iron-grey flannel. The dress has a plain, short-sleeved bodice and a full skirt with unpressed pleats. The charming very short jacket is lined with otter fur. By Marucelli of Milan

Rome and Milan display their models in Florence

2 This very charming two-piece by Carosa of Rome is made in pied-de-poule wool. The round collar of the long straight jacket is trimmed in the front with Persian lamb



3 Garnet of Rome is the designer of this plain tailored suit in heavy, canvas-weave knitwear. Dark red with a white fleck, it has a boxy jacket and a narrow straight skirt



4 Blue and red check raised wool fabric makes this coat by Garnet of Rome. Its draped collar can be worn turned back or as a hood



5 A dress and jacket by Mirsa of Milan made of light grey knitwear with a white stripe. The skirt of the dress is pleated



Dennis Smith

Patent leather and suède combine in this smart bag. Price £9 15s. The black jersey gloves embroidered with pearls, price £1 1s. 6d. Both from Finnigans

Below: French gloves in black suède with sequins and gold beads, exclusive design. Price £3 19s. 6d. Shortie gloves from France with diamanté, price £2 9s. 6d. Marshall and Snelgrove

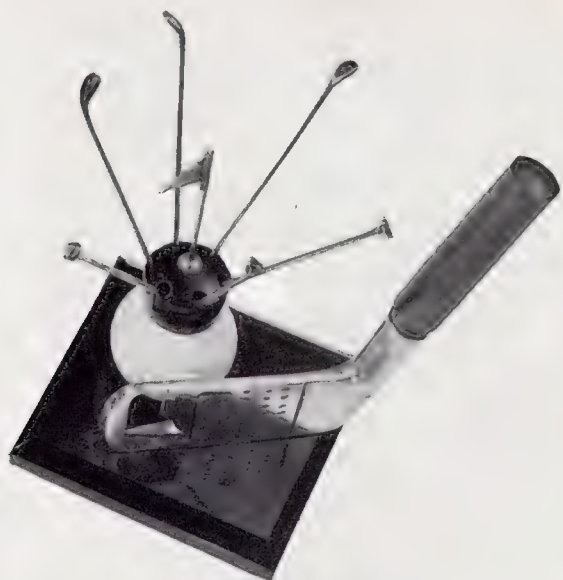
Balm for summer's loss

AS we say goodbye to summer we start looking for new accessories and seasonable gifts. Here are some attractive examples of the latest merchandise now being shown in the leading London stores

—JEAN CLELAND



Three beautiful belts. Black leather with blue stones, £3 19s. Black "bridge" belt with Ace of Hearts, £3 5s. Pale blue leather belt, with lions' heads, 18s. From Dickins and Jones



For golf enthusiasts there is this unusual stand with bottle opener and cocktail sticks inserted into a golf ball. Price £5 10s. 6d. from Liberty's



A useful present to go on the desk is this pigskin note block with clock on top that comes from Liberty's, £4 10s. 6d.



New kind of pigskin cigarette box in original design with roll top. Price £4 8s. 6d., it can be had from Liberty's



Above: For cool evenings Woollands have this silk and wool stole with Oriental tinsel thread. £4 17s. 6d.

Below: A pure silk square with Chinese drawings in pastel shades. From Woollands, £6 15s.



Beauty

Jean Cleland

Time for reconditioning

BACK from a holiday in Italy and the South of France, during which we did over 3,000 miles motoring, I took my car to the garage for a check-up and some reconditioning. When I got home, a glance in the mirror suggested that similar treatment for myself would not come amiss.

TOWARDS the end of the summer, most of us—as regards our looks—would be all the better for a spot of reconditioning in readiness for new clothes and autumn parties. During the holidays and weeks of hot weather, most of us have relaxed and—very rightly—let ourselves go. This has built up our health and put us in good fettle to meet the winter. But now the time has come to pull ourselves together and build up our looks.

Hot sunshine, glorious though it is to bask in, is nevertheless extremely drying to the skin and to the hair. So, too, is harsh weather, and the cold winds which we can, alack, be expecting a little later on. Let us then get busy in the interim, and use this "in-between" period to good advantage.

MOST people find the exposure to hot sun has left their hair extremely brittle. No doubt a fresh perm is about due, but before having this, my advice is to concentrate on getting the scalp well nourished, so that the oils that have been dried out can be replaced. Most of the good hair-dressers have excellent ways of doing this, and will advise you as to the best course, according to your individual requirements. There are oil shampoos, cream shampoos, and other reconditioning preparations, all of which, used in the various salon treatments, are extremely effective for removing the dry "frizzy" look, and making the hair soft and silky again. Scalp massage is strongly advocated, since this not only loosens the scalp so that the blood can flow more freely, but also stimulates the glands, thus giving renewed life to the hair.

IF you can afford the time to have the massage, and any other reconditioning treatments, done by the experts, you will find it well worth while and be amply repaid by a "new look" to your head. If not, buy one of the reconditioning preparations prepared for use at home, and apply it yourself, in conjunction with some home massage, which should be done for a few minutes night and morning. It does not take very long, but the way in which you do it is important.

To rub the scalp is not sufficient. The fingers should be placed underneath the hair, firmly against the head, so that as you work up from the base to the crown—all the way round—the scalp is moved briskly to and fro. When you have finished, the whole head should feel warm and tingling.

A good example of the extreme efficacy of scalp massage was demonstrated to me by a friend with whom I dined in Paris at the end of my holiday. "Look," she said, "what do you think of this? I am growing a whole lot of new hair." I looked more closely, and sure enough, I could clearly see the new soft down. "Have you done anything special," I asked, "or is it just chance?"

SHE exploded. "Chance be —, I have been doing regular massage for weeks, and this is the result. You always told me it was good, but I had no idea *how* good until I tried it."

So much for the hair. The skin, too, gets dried up at the end of the summer, and unless something is done to make it soft and supple again, lines and wrinkles appear as the inevitable result. What it needs just now is "feeding," and for this there are rich products containing the necessary nourishment. Here again the experts in the salons are ready to give advice. It may be that an extra rich skin food is sufficient to banish the dryness, and produce a velvety texture. The older woman, on the other hand, may find that a cream containing vitamins is the answer, or perhaps one of the "moisture" creams, to give back the natural moisture that has been drawn out by the sun.

In many cases these are wonderfully effective, as

they work close to nature—if I may put it in that way—and, by supplying the skin with what it lacks, help it to regain its natural bloom. The best plan is to get expert advice—which will always be given free of any charge—and then work faithfully and regularly at home with whatever preparation is recommended.

If any wrinkles or little lines have started to appear, make haste to deal with them as quickly as possible. Do not waste time. While they are only lightly traced, they are comparatively easy to smooth out. It is only when they become deeper and more firmly etched that they are difficult to eradicate. Get hold of one of the excellent wrinkle oils or creams, and use it according to directions, and in doing so don't forget your neck. For this there are special oils, which not only remove crepiness, but build up the column of the throat as well, so that it is firm and round.

HANDS, which during the autumn and winter festivities will once again be in the limelight—whether it is at dances, bridge afternoons or dinner parties—are probably more in need of attention just now than anything else. Many people who would not dream of going without gloves in town, have, during the summer months, at the sea and in the country, exposed their hands to the sun, and now find the skin looks wrinkled, and that the nails are breaking. For the skin I recommend a nightly massage with a rich hand cream, or if there are any little cracks or splits, with a good hand lanoline. This is wonderfully healing, and very soon renders the skin smooth and pliant.

For brittle nails, there are various preparations on the market, specially designed for stopping them breaking, and for strengthening. If something of this kind is used regularly each night, and worked well into the cuticles, a great improvement can usually be seen in a very short time. For daytime use there are a number of effective lotions and liquid hand creams, which rub in quickly and easily. To ensure using them regularly, I find it best to get two bottles, and keep one upstairs and one down, so that they are ready to hand whenever the hands have been in water.

THREE VERSIONS of the new "Princesse" Cut created by Scotts. The theme is a fluid line following the curve of the head. This cut, which can be dressed in different ways, flatters the silhouette, and is young, comely and—very important—easy to handle





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THEY ARE ENGAGED



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Dorothy Wilding
Miss Margaret Joan Baxendale, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Baxendale, of Windsor Road, Chorley, Lancashire, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Walter Jokel, son of Mr. Leo Jokel and the late Mrs. Dora Jokel, of London, N.W.8, and Vienna



Pearl Freeman
Miss Caroline Diana Todd, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. G. H. N. Todd, of Court House, Stretton-on-Fosse, Glos., who is engaged to marry Mr. Robert Noel Brand Brooks, son of Major and Mrs. N. B. Brooks, of Fairgreen Farm, Churchill, Oxfordshire



Fayer
Miss Rosemary Isabel Crombie, younger daughter of Sir James Crombie, K.B.E., C.M.G., and Lady Crombie, of Muswell Hill, London, N.10, who is engaged to marry Mr. William Patrick Campbell Grassick, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grassick, of Buenos Aires



THEY WERE MARRIED

(Left): Denison—Wilkinson. The wedding took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, of Mr. William Denison, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Denison, of Wood Lane, Streetly, Warwickshire, and Miss Philippa Wilkinson, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wilkinson, of Offham, Kent



Young—Murphy. Mr. Peter D. Young, England Rugby captain, only son of Mr. V. L. Young, of Clifton, Bristol, and Mrs. D. Gough, of Holland Park Avenue, W.11, married in Dublin Miss Ann Mary Murphy, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Murphy, of Priorland, Carrickmines



Joel—Tyler. Lieut. M. D. Joel, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Joel, of Radlett, Herts, married Miss Jennifer Birkett Tyler, daughter of Mrs. J. W. A. Stephenson and step-daughter of Lt.-Col. Stephenson, D.S.O., of Gerrards Cross, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Poyntz-Wright—Politzer. Mr. Richard Poyntz-Wright, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Poyntz-Wright, of Worth, Sussex, married Miss Caroline Politzer, daughter of Mr. R. J. Politzer, of Worth, and Mrs. K. Long, of New York, at St. Nicholas Church, Worth



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they suit you, they grace you,
these styled-to-please designed-to-ease

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The new 2.4-litre Jaguar saloon, priced at £1,269 0s. 10d. (including tax)

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

VERY PROMISING JUNIOR

ONE of the highlights of the Motor Show will certainly be the new 2.4-litre Jaguar. Many of the details of this car's specification have been in my hands for some time, but I propose to delay my comments upon it until a much later date, because I am going to the Jaguar factory where the company is according me facilities for making a really thorough examination.

My only point today is concerned with policy. My view is that in turning to a car with an engine of much smaller capacity than that of the models we have been used to, and in somewhat modifying overall dimensions, Jaguar Cars have correctly foreseen the trend of popular demand in the coming years. The bigness of the 3½ litre cars was an advantage to them in certain markets; but it was a disadvantage in other markets. In the United Kingdom the need is emphatically for small size, always providing it can be made consistent with high performance and riding comfort. The 2.4-litre Jaguar is an engineering solution to the problem of bringing these seemingly incompatible qualities as close together as possible. May I repeat that I shall devote special attention to this car at a later date.

UNEXPECTEDLY strong support has come my way for the views I expressed here a few weeks ago upon the dangers which are inherent in the conventional motor-car door. I said, and I would repeat, that there is no more dangerous component. When people open it without looking they knock over pedestrians. When pedestrians come too close to a moving car they are damaged by projecting door handles. It is not the business of engineers and others to deplore the "carelessness" of drivers and pedestrians and to attribute to them all the blame for these kinds of accidents. It is for them to devise safer doors.

The Royal Automobile Club figures for the number of accidents in the year 1953—the latest for which figures are available—is astonishing. Careless opening of the doors of stationary vehicles accounted for 2,595 accidents. Surely it is time for second thoughts on sliding doors and on upward opening doors. Already we have had the press-button door

handle, introduced by the Bristol Company. It is time for further developments.

ALL of which takes me to the proposals, mainly heard in America, for safety motor-cars; that is for motor-cars incorporating devices to improve crashworthiness. The Americans have, for some time, been sponsoring safety belts, safety steering wheels and columns, padded instrument panels and the rest. Again I must refer to the Bristol Company, for years ago it offered a safety harness for its motor-car drivers.

It should be mentioned that an ordinary lap strap or belt is useless for crash protection purposes. There must be adequately designed shoulder straps. The body of the driver must be held from being thrown forwards and upwards when an impact occurs. The Bristol Company had all this in mind, but they found by experience that purchasers of the cars did not want the harness. In fact the vast majority of them

rejected it without a second thought.

It is curious that what has been tried and discarded in the United Kingdom should suddenly become the rage of the United States. All the same, this sort of thing has happened before and will probably happen again.

While I am speaking of the Bristol cars I might mention that this company has decided that its 405 saloon and its four-seat drophead coupé will remain almost unchanged. Two 405 saloons and one drophead coupé will be shown on Stand 170, all in off-white with red interior. A second coupé will have Abbott coachwork. Over-riders on the bumpers have been introduced and the parcel shelf facing the front passenger seat will be trimmed with leather-covered Sorbo rubber as a safety measure.

I NEED merely remind my readers of the main facts of the Bristol 405 specification. The engine has six cylinders and is of two litres capacity. It gives 105 brake horse power at 5,000 rev.-min. The Bristol gearbox has its unique feature of a free-wheel built into the first speed. The second, third and fourth speeds have special synchromesh engagement. Basic price of the 405 four-seat saloon, is £2,390. With purchase tax the total is £3,386 19s. 2d.

It is in general against my principles to criticize road users. I would like to see all

road users agreed upon major reforms. But I must here introduce a cautionary word about those in command of two-wheeled vehicles. A friend driving at 50 m.p.h. along a perfectly straight wide road saw in front of him a motor cyclist. Beyond the motor cyclist were two petrol filling stations, opposite one another, one on the left and the other on the right. The motor cyclist slowed and made towards the filling station on the left. Details of what happened in the subsequent sequence only became known afterwards.

It appears that on the pump on the left-hand side was a small notice saying "closed." The motor cyclist was only able to see it when he had reached close range. On seeing it he decided to go to the filling station on the opposite side of the road and instantly swung over across the road in the path of the oncoming car.

WHAT is the lesson on this? The driver of the car had correctly read the original intentions of the motor cyclist and was, therefore, justified in continuing on course at constant speed. The motor cyclist, however, failed to recognize, or at any rate to remember, the basic facts that the slower you go and the smaller your vehicle the higher your powers of rapid manoeuvre. The swoops and swerves and wild gyrations within the scope of these two-wheelers are limitless.

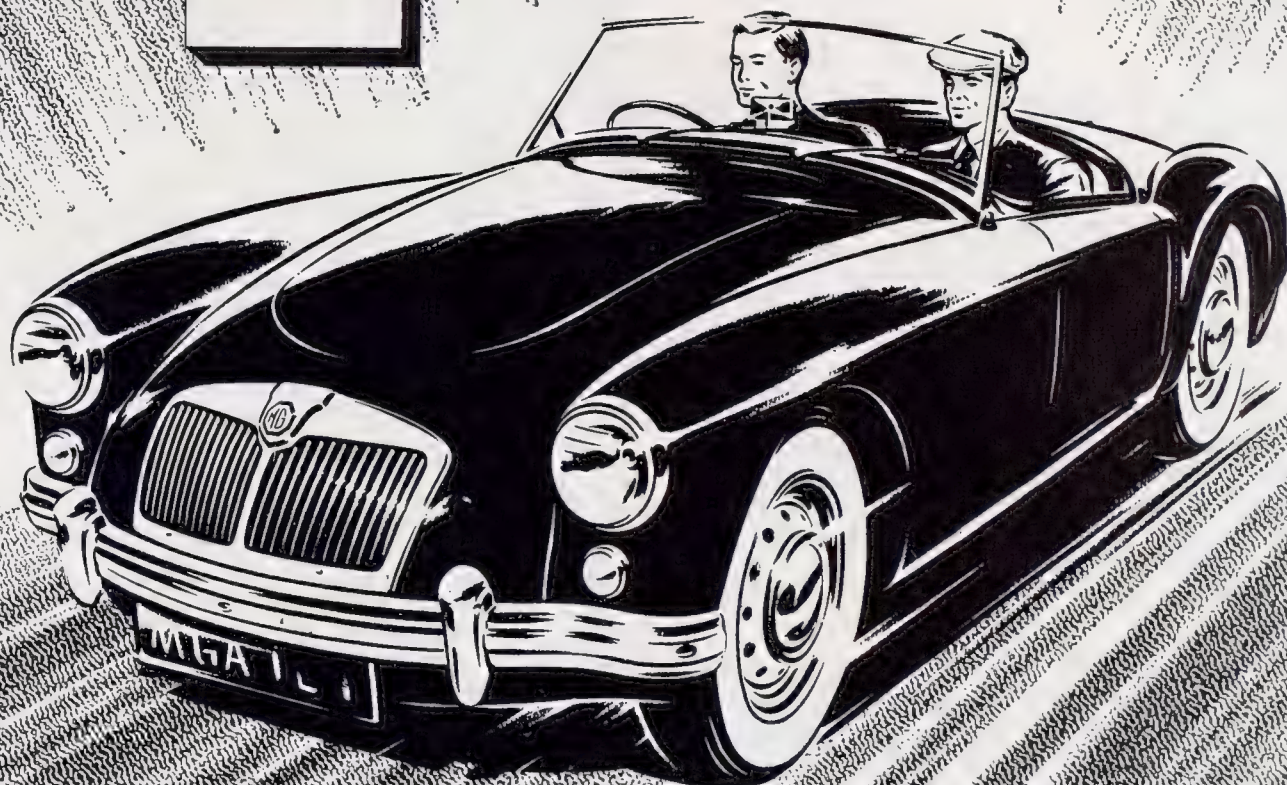
May we beg the cyclist associations and all drivers of two-wheeled vehicles, motorized or other, to remember this fact. As they slow down they can make a swerve which the finest following driver in the world cannot parallel. They must have impressed upon their minds that the slower they go the more vital it becomes that they should *keep on a straight course*. If they must turn, the precautions required are, for their own safety, considerable.



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Ivon de Wynter

PETER OF WHEELER'S in Old Compton Street, one of London's most famous oyster bars. He was six years at the Waldorf and has worked also at the Savoy and Café Royal. He was in the Royal Marines during the war

DINING OUT

Statistics for a doubter

PROPOS a recent claim in this column I have received a letter from Mr. Reg Parker of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, one paragraph of which reads as follows: "I do not doubt for one moment that you flew to lunch by helicopter, and consider it a very sensible method of avoiding all the awful congestion on the roads at weekends. I do, however, suggest that to say you have used sixteen different methods of going to lunch is, to put it mildly, a gross exaggeration."

I have much pleasure in politely giving the lie to Mr. Parker.

My nurse wheeled me in a pram to lunch: I have walked, ridden a bicycle and gone in a train to lunch: I have ridden a motor bicycle, taken a bus, and used crutches and been wheeled in an invalid chair to lunch (after a crash at Brooklands); I have rowed ashore and sailed into harbour to lunch: driven a motor boat, ridden a scooter and a horse, and skated to lunch (in Holland in the war); finally I have flown in an aeroplane and a helicopter to lunch. By my reckoning that makes it sixteen.

If Mr. Parker wants more details he can have them, and I observe from his notepaper that he appears to prosper by supplying the very vehicles which cause the congestion on the roads about which he complains.

DRIVING one of these causes of confusion myself through a street tunnelled under London Bridge Station I was reminded of two Guys very much concerned with cellars: one was Guy Fawkes and the other Guy Prince, and they came to mind because I was obstructed by a large lorry unloading several packing cases into the cellars of J. L. P. Lebegue & Company.

On passing the time of day with one of the unloaders I presumed that the cases were filled with fine wine to ensure sufficient stocks for Christmas, but I was wrong. I was informed they contained no wine but were filled with candles.

Then I realized that it was nearly a year since Guy Prince held what Cecil B. de Mille would describe as "the world's most stupendous, colossal, gigantic wine tasting of all time; a million candles; ten thousand bottles of wine and five thousand guests to drink them."

I mention this hoping to get an invitation to the next one, because it is indeed a great affair.

WHEN I recently described dining out at the Savoy in 1898, it appears that my facts were not entirely correct.

Colonel Newnham Davis in his book from which I quoted described M. Echenard as being the manager of the hotel. I am informed by the Research Department that he was, in fact, the restaurant manager. The general manager was, of course, none other than the great Caesar Ritz in person.

It is also worthy of note that there was no Grill Room in those days and that the Grill Room of today has its own *maitre chef* in the person of M. Abel Alban, so the true set-up is that for Caesar Ritz we have Mr. W. A. Hofflin, whom Temple Fielding in his *Guide to Europe* describes as "a legend among hoteliers," with M. Charles Fornara as his deputy. We have M. Echenard split in two in the persons of Mr. Amanda and M. Luigi, and for Auguste Escoffier we have *maitre chefs* Auguste Laplanche and Abel Alban.

So now I've got it right maybe they will let me in again!

PASS on to readers a most interesting recipe recently given me by Mr. Frank Laughton, of the Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough.

Omelet Pavilion.—For two persons—make an omelet using 6 eggs and use the following for the filling. Peel and slice 6 medium-sized mushrooms, sauté in butter till tender, season with salt and black pepper using a pepper mill. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ breakfast cup of cold boiled diced Yorkshire ham. Allow to cook a little longer until the ham is hot. Add about $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of fresh chopped tarragon leaves. Put 2 tablespoons of fresh cream into another pan, fry or reduce a little and stir into mushroom and ham mixture.

It seems to me that six eggs for two persons turns this into a main dish.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Sign of the crescent

IF you look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the Continental breakfast and *croissants*, you will also, on your return, look back on it with regret, because it is not so easy to buy these delicious "crescents" everywhere in this country as it is in France. There, the housewife herself seldom makes them. She gets them, fresh and still warm, from the local *pâtisserie*, early enough in the morning for the family to enjoy them with the curiously chicory-flavoured coffee which appears only at the first meal of the day.

But they are not all that tiresome to make and serve at any meal. Where there is a family to make it worth while, why not make a batch of them? Any left over can be slipped into a fairly hot oven and revived to almost their original crisp and melting goodness.

QUEEN of rolls, the *croissant* is a kind of yeast flaky pastry. Cream together $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar, gradually beat $\frac{1}{2}$ pint lukewarm milk into them. Sift 1 lb. flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt into a bowl, gradually work the yeast liquid into them, then knead well. Put the dough aside in a warm place to double in bulk. Knead and roll out to about an eighth of an inch thick.

Cream 3 oz. butter until of the same pliability as the dough. Spread one-third on the surface, sprinkle lightly with flour, and fold over in three, as you would for flaky pastry. Seal the ends with the rolling-pin. Repeat with the second ounce of butter and then with the third. Leave to rest for 10 minutes. Roll out again (without further butter), fold and finally roll out into a long strip, about an eighth of an inch thick and 5 in. wide.

Cut into triangles, 5 in. at the base and $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the sides. Starting from the shorter side, roll up, finishing with the point in the centre. Place the rolls on baking-sheets and bring the ends of each round to form almost a horseshoe. Leave to double in bulk, then bake for 8 to 10 minutes in a hot oven. Have ready an egg yolk beaten with a tablespoon of milk. Brush each *croissant* with the mixture and return to oven for $\frac{1}{4}$ minute to brown.

FOR Savarins and Babas, the dough is the same. Work together $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, add an eighth of a pint of lukewarm water and beat into the mixture 4 oz. plain flour and a pinch of salt. Leave to double in bulk, then beat in 2 whole eggs and $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. melted butter.

Sprinkle 1 oz. shredded blanched almonds into a well-greased border mould. Half fill it with the batter and set in a warm place for it to rise almost to the rim of the mould. Place in a hot oven. After 10 minutes, reduce the heat to 375 deg. F. or gas mark 4 and bake for 35 to 40 minutes in all.

Turn out when cold. Moisten with fruit syrup, glaze the surface with diluted sieved apricot jam and fill the centre with fruit salad.

For Rum Babas, add to the risen batter 1 tablespoon chopped mixed peel and 2 tablespoons each of currants and sultanas. Half fill greased dariole moulds with the mixture, leave to double, then bake for 10 to 12 minutes in a fairly hot oven. Make a thin syrup, with rum to taste, saturate the Babas with it and serve them either hot or cold.

LARDY CAKE, our own very pleasant rich fruit and spice cake, is made much in the same way as *croissants*. Make a dough as for them but use, if anything, a shade less liquid. Roll it out into a long piece and dot the surface of two-thirds of it with 3 oz. best crisp lard. Sprinkle the fat with 3 oz. sugar, 2 oz. cleaned currants and, if you like, a few caraway seeds. Fold the uncovered dough over half the covered part, then bring the remaining third over the folded dough.

Seal the ends as you would if you were making puff pastry. Roll out into a strip again and repeat the adding of lard, sugar, currants and caraway seeds, and the folding. Finally, roll out to fit into a well greased deepish dripping tin. Leave to rise to double the original bulk, then bake for about an hour in a moderately hot oven (Regulo 4 to 5 or 375 to 400 deg. F.). A few minutes before taking it from the oven, brush the surface with golden syrup.

Slices of this cake, served hot with a lemon or ginger sauce, are something different in the way of a sweet.

—Helen Burke



AT BROCKENHURST, HANTS. This cheerful group includes Mr. H. Forbes, Mr. Billy Walsh, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Forbes and Mr. Jimmy Edwards, at the Balmer Lawn Hotel before the very successful Polo Ball



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Helena Rubinstein

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MRS. EDWARD LAMBTON, who is Anne Lambton, the writer and fashion specialist, made her television début this month in the series *The Twice Twenties*, a programme for women over forty in which she discusses dress problems. She is also at work on a book of fashions from medieval to present times. Her husband is the Newmarket trainer



F. J. Goodman

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 620]

A disquieting fantasy

He is, from the evidence, American; he depicts civilization, some two thousand years hence, as being about on a par with that of the earliest settlements in New England, or, alternatively, with that of the newly opened-up Middle West of the pioneer days. The community he describes lives in Labrador, whose climate has changed: this, now, makes good farming country.

Living conditions themselves are not too primitive, but ideas are. Rule is authoritarian; religion, so far as one can see, exists to promote and sponsor a form of witch-hunting. This handful of people, crouched in a cleared space, are maniacs on the subject of race-purity and for this reason: in the surrounding zones, known as the Fringes, dwell deformed monsters, travesties of humanity. So, the original orthodox human mould *must* be preserved: if not, it may be lost for ever. Freaks, of any kind, meet no mercy.

★ ★ ★

BEYOND the Fringes extend the Badlands—whole areas calcinated, left lifeless, by the hydrogen bombs of by now mythical wars. Seen by ships at sea, the coasts of the Badlands, after dark, still send out a radioactive glow: sailors speak, with awe, of luminous ruins. . . .

The hero of *The Chrysalids* is a boy, David Storm, who tells the story. He's a pleasant, natural, ordinary lad—only dimly interested in the lost Past. Trouble breaks out, however, when David makes a playfellow of a little girl called Sophie, who turns out to have six toes. The poor child is, thus, a "deviant," or a "mutant"—against whom the ruthless extermination laws of the community may operate. Finally *The Chrysalids* becomes an exciting escape story.

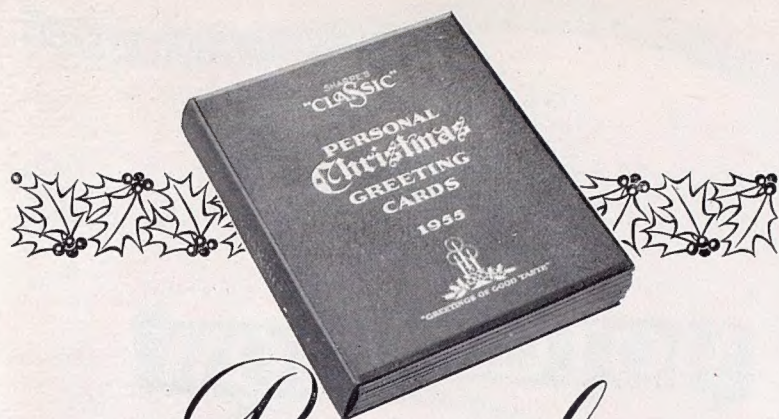
This is a complex, not at all cosy book, perhaps somewhat overcharged with imagination. It ends on a more cheerful, Utopian note. I recommend *The Chrysalids* to thoughtful readers.

★ ★ ★

ORIEL MALET'S *ANGEL WITH A SWORD* (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.) is a refreshing reminder of what a novel may still be—well written (that is, with grace and intelligence), orderly in concept, with characters who are neither deviationists nor yahoos.

Love at first sight—what accounts for it? Is it love? Hugo, seeing Imogen through a window, had been obsessed by her image for some time before the two met, at Micky's party. That meeting itself—was it chance or fate? On Imogen, the impression left by Hugo is no less powerful. The serene, sheltered, twenty-four year old girl and the highly strung, successful, war-embittered young man of thirty seem to be caught, swept forward, by the same current. There's more to it than mutual attraction, however strong. Imogen's face, since first he set eyes on it, has had a disturbing significance for Hugo. Not till he visits her at her home and sees her dead father's portrait on the wall does he realize why. . . . Imogen, from then on, is to be tormented by streaks of fear, hatred almost, in Hugo's passion for her.

Imogen's family, the Medways, are delightfully drawn. So is their roomy, shabby Kensington flat, with its attractive atmosphere of home. For indefinable reasons, none of the Medways are happy about Hugo, prepossessing, important and well-to-do though he is. The nature, and terrible, of Hugo's secret is to come out in a dramatic manner. *Angel With A Sword* reaches full height with the closing scenes: here, Miss Malet releases powers held in reserve.



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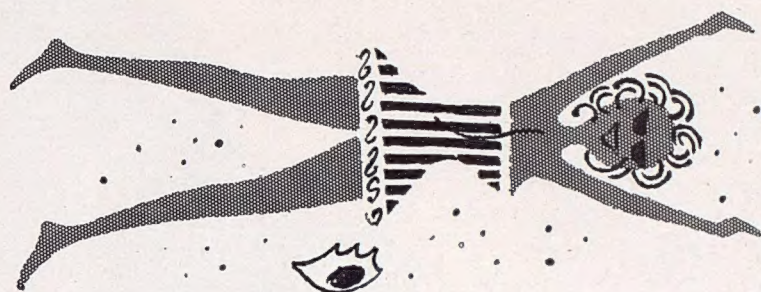


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